

# DOLL MAN



SEPTEMBER No.18

10¢

*and*  
**The REDSKINS  
SCALP CRIME!**





[illegible]



**YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP LIKE MAGIC  
BECAUSE YOU**

**Make Money With Your Own**

# JUKE BOX BANK

**A Real Money-Maker  
For You . . . Because**

**FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WILL HELP  
YOU SAVE, JUST TO SEE HOW IT WORKS!**

You'll see those nickels and dimes rapidly add up to mighty dollar bills with this new Juke Box Bank that's a gay plastic reproduction of the tuneless Juke Box down at the corner soda fountain. Bring it out at parties or when company comes to call. The coins and currency will really pour in, because **everyone** wants to see it light up electrically and flash its bit of advice: "It's Wise to Be Thrifty"—to which we might add: it's **easy** to be thrifty when you have an attention-getting, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.

**SEND NO MONEY:** send only your name and address. Then pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If you are not delighted, return within 10 days for speedy, cheerful refund.



**It's Wise  
To Be Thrifty**

**\$1.98**  
Post Paid  
Complete With  
Battery & Bulb

**Put Your Coins In  
Slot and Press-In!**

**JUNE BDX  
BLAZES WITH LIGHT  
AS IT FLASHES:**

*It's Wise to be Thrifty*

**AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. JB-63**

## AMERICA'S GREATEST JUNIOR TYPEWRITER VALUE!

**BACK AGAIN . . .  
and BETTER THAN EVER!**



**Sturdy  
Steel  
Construction**

**SEND NO MONEY**

Merely clip ad and mail to-day. Then pay postman only \$2.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If not delighted return untampered within 10 days for a speedy refund.



**AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. ST-63**

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TYPEWRITER**

**Only \$2.98**  
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**A KEY FOR EACH LETTER**

*It's Fast!  
It's Easy!  
It's Efficient!  
It's Accurate!*

**PERFECT FOR SCHOOL WORK . . .  
IDEAL FOR SMALL BUSINESSES!**

Yes, it's back again . . . but only in limited quantities! We've managed to obtain a limited number of these fast, efficient typewriters that we can offer you at a price you can't beat! Now, for only \$2.98 you can enjoy the speed and accuracy of a Simplex Typewriter with new improved features:

- ★ Automatic Inking Operation
- ★ An Individual Key For Each Letter
- ★ Jiffy Spacing Bar
- ★ Shifts From CAPITAL to SMALL LETTERS

**Hey Kids!** . . . like to make a big hit with teachers and get better grades in school? It's easy when you turn in neat, accurately typed papers. Don't delay a moment longer! Order your Simplex Portable Typewriter **today** and find out how much fun it is to do your homework the easy, time-saving way!

DOLL MAN

# THE DOLL MAN



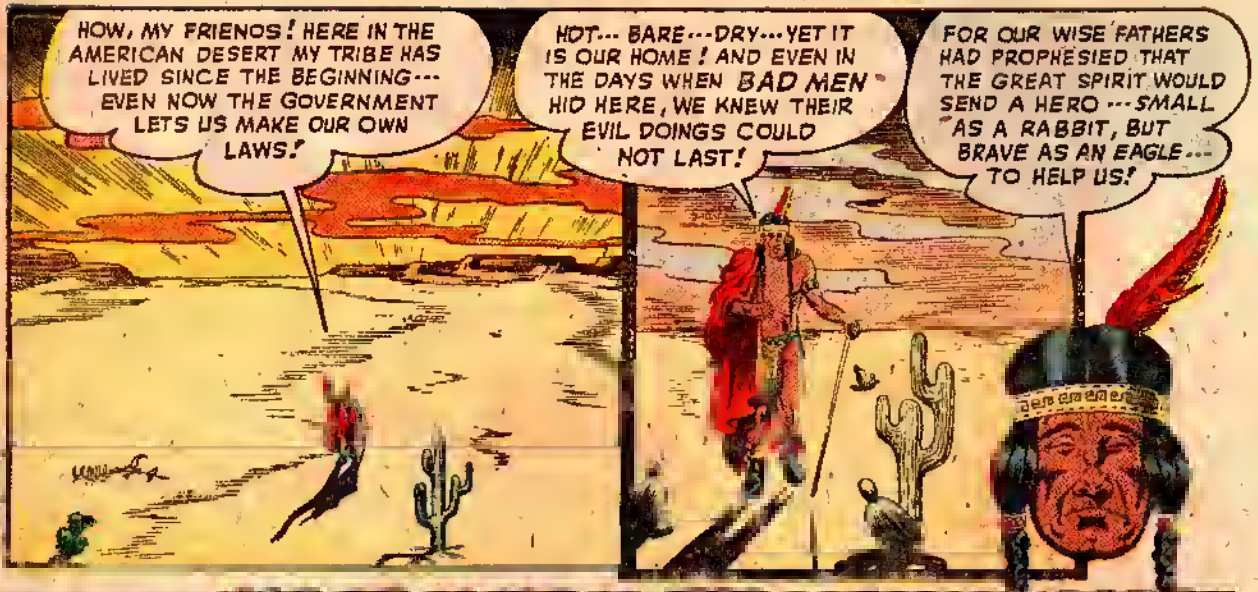
A mighty treasure for honest progress or crooked profit was hidden in the country of the Indians... and criminals intended to plunder the tribe, but the **DOLL MAN** planned otherwise!



Only Dr. Roberts and his daughter, Martha know the secret of the DOLL MAN... quiet young scientist, Darrel Dane, can concentrate his supreme power of will and turn into the tiny terror of all injustice!



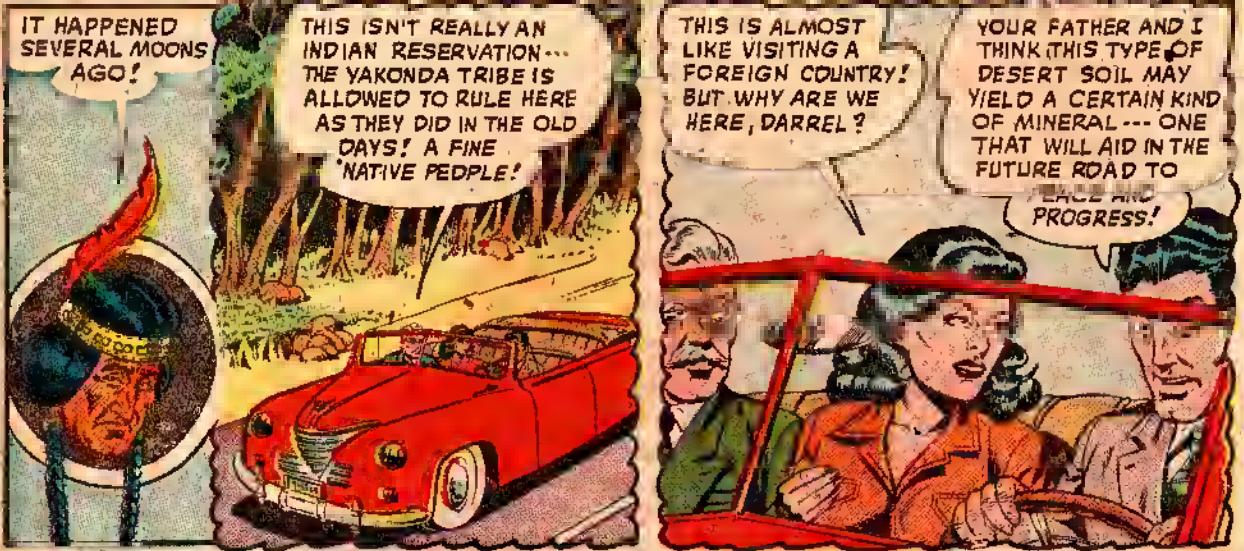




HOW, MY FRIENDS! HERE IN THE AMERICAN DESERT MY TRIBE HAS LIVED SINCE THE BEGINNING--- EVEN NOW THE GOVERNMENT LETS US MAKE OUR OWN LAWS?

HOT... BARE... DRY... YET IT IS OUR HOME! AND EVEN IN THE DAYS WHEN **BAD MEN** HID HERE, WE KNEW THEIR EVIL DOINGS COULD NOT LAST!

FOR OUR WISE FATHERS HAD PROPHESIED THAT THE GREAT SPIRIT WOULD SEND A HERO --- SMALL AS A RABBIT, BUT BRAVE AS AN EAGLE--- TO HELP US!

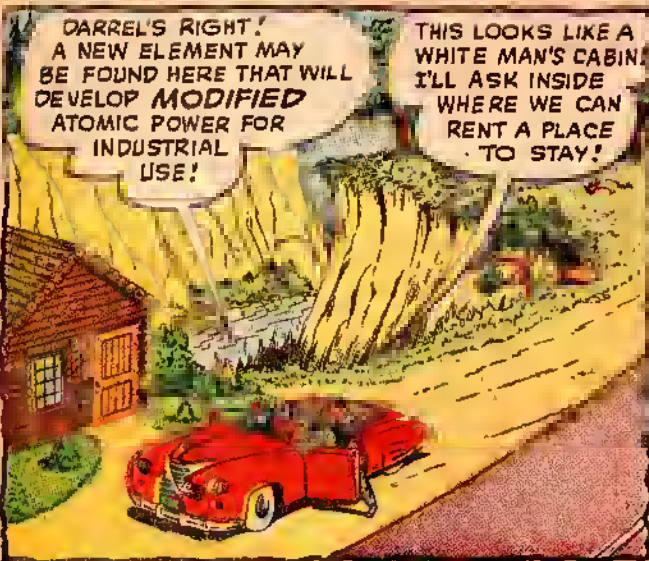


IT HAPPENED SEVERAL MOONS AGO!

THIS ISN'T REALLY AN INDIAN RESERVATION... THE YAKONDA TRIBE IS ALLOWED TO RULE HERE AS THEY DID IN THE OLD DAYS! A FINE 'NATIVE PEOPLE'!

THIS IS ALMOST LIKE VISITING A FOREIGN COUNTRY! BUT WHY ARE WE HERE, DARREL?

YOUR FATHER AND I THINK THIS TYPE OF DESERT SOIL MAY YIELD A CERTAIN KIND OF MINERAL --- ONE THAT WILL AID IN THE FUTURE ROAD TO PEACE AND PROGRESS!



DARREL'S RIGHT! A NEW ELEMENT MAY BE FOUND HERE THAT WILL DEVELOP **MODIFIED** ATOMIC POWER FOR INDUSTRIAL USE!

THIS LOOKS LIKE A WHITE MAN'S CABIN! I'LL ASK INSIDE WHERE WE CAN RENT A PLACE TO STAY!



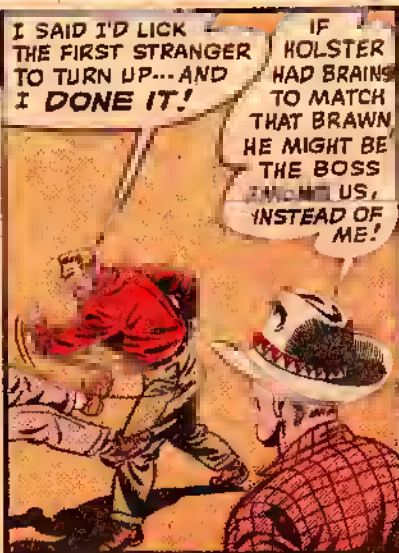
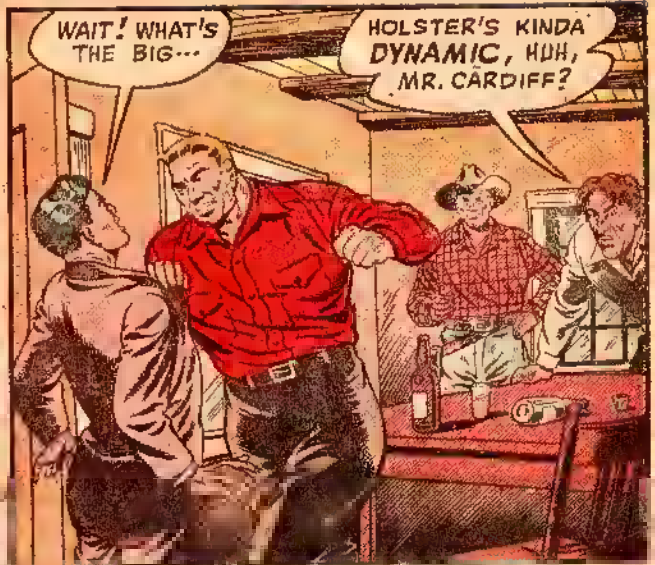
Inside the cabin...

YOU REALLY THINK WE'RE SAFE FROM THE LAW HERE, HOLSTER?

SAFE AGAINST ANYTHING, SOPSY! I GUARANTEE TO LICK THE FIRST GUY WHO STEPS INSIDE THAT DOOR!



# DOLL MAN



Groggy, but still conscious, Darrel Dane concentrates his mighty and mystic will power...the universe seems to whirl and sing around him...

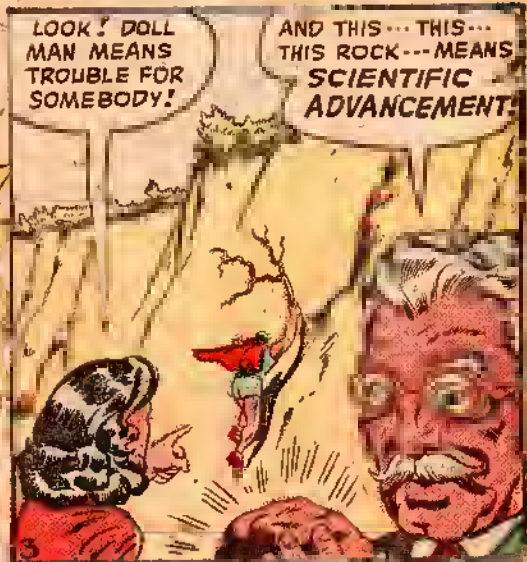
LOOK! THIS ROCK SPECIMEN! JUST WHAT WE WANTED TO FIND!



...and Darrel Dane once more becomes the DOLL MAN... vest-pocket package of fight and energy!

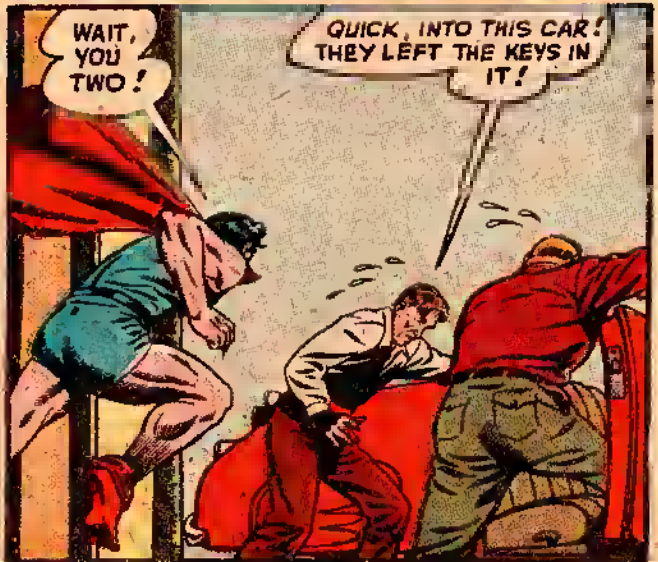
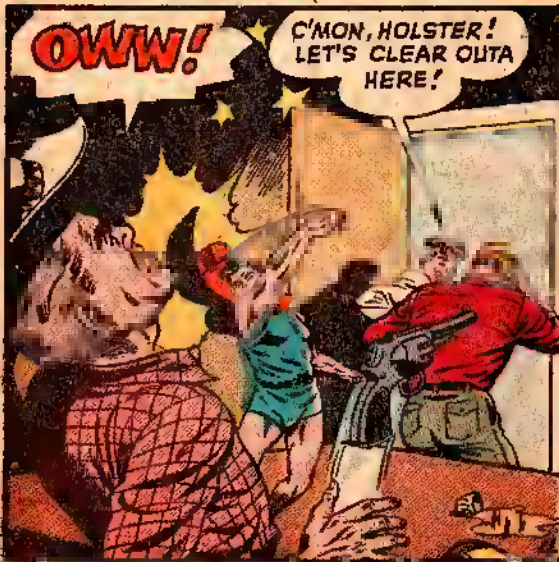
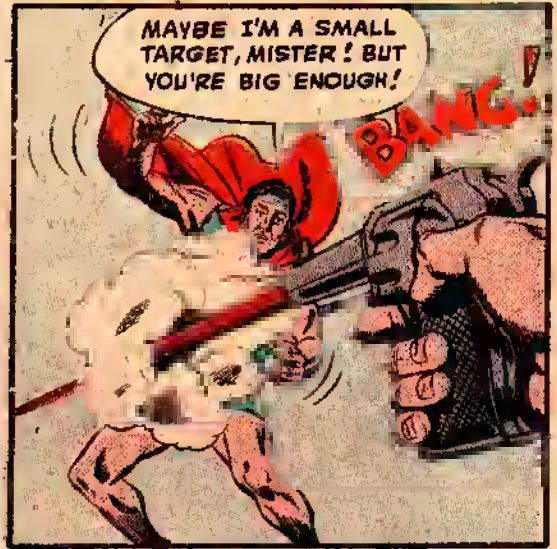
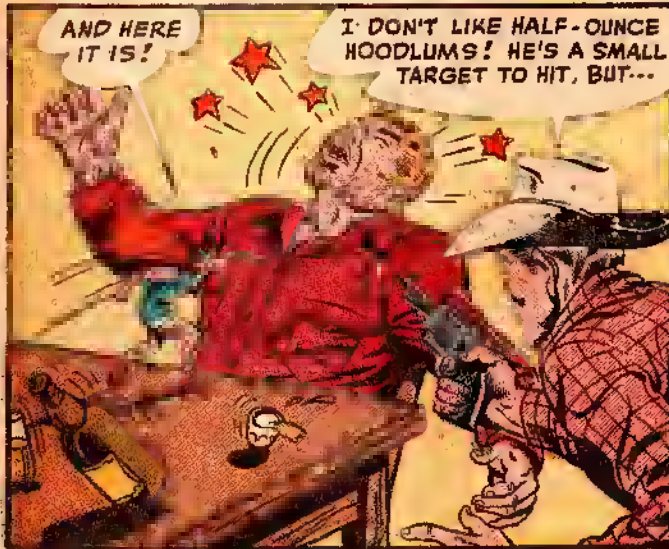
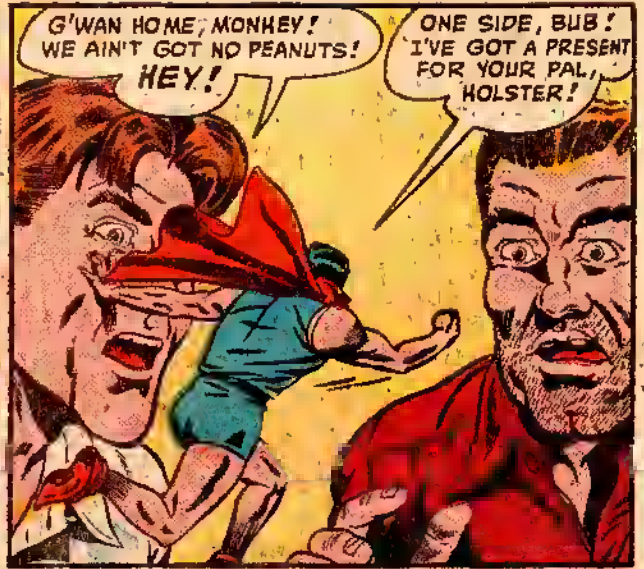
LOOK! DOLL MAN MEANS TROUBLE FOR SOMEBODY!

AND THIS... THIS... THIS ROCK... MEANS SCIENTIFIC ADVANCEMENT!



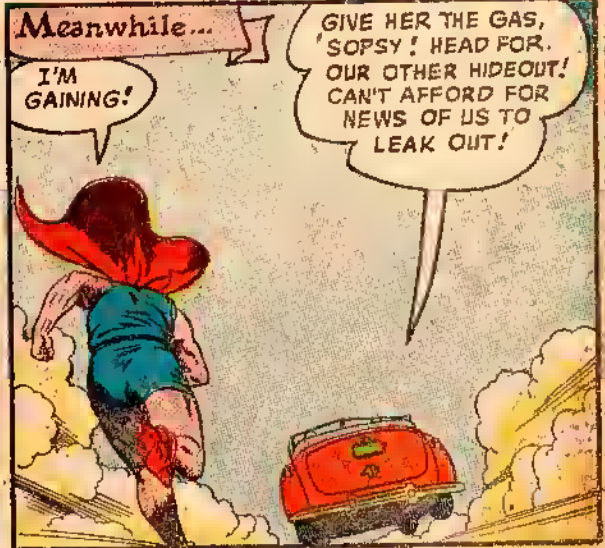
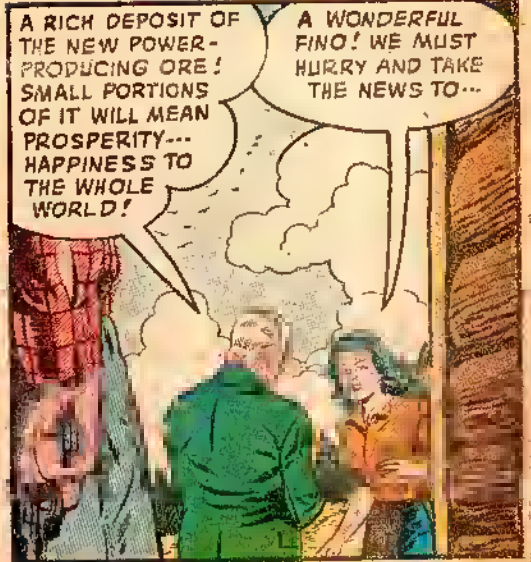


# DOLL MAN





# DOLL MAN



But as the Doll Man comes to the point where the car disappeared...

THREE FORKS TO THIS ROAD! WHICH ONE DID THEY TAKE!



TOO HARD AND ROCKY A SURFACE TO SHOW THE TIRE TRACKS! I'D BETTER GET BACK TO MARTHA AND DR. ROBERTS!



He returns...and is baffled again...

THEY'RE GONE! AND LOOK... THE VERY ORE WE HOPE TO FIND! BUT WHERE ARE THEY?





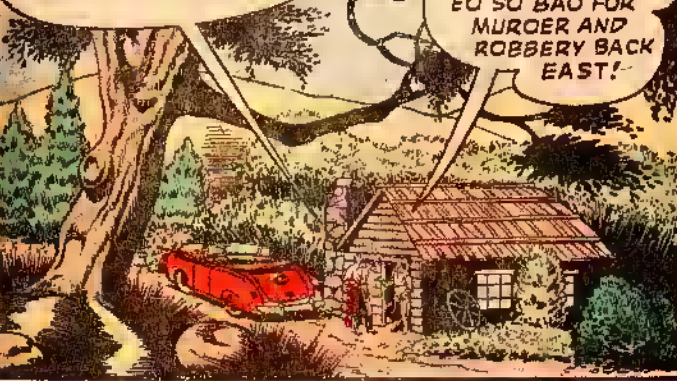
At a hidden hollow among the brushy thickets...

THIS AIN'T AS NICE A LAYOUT AS THE OTHER... BUT HARDER TO FIND AND EASIER TO DEFEND!

GIMME A SLUG OF THAT! YEAH, SOPSY, I HOPE THE LAW NEVER FINDS OUT WE'RE HERE... NOT WHEN WE'RE WANTING SO BAD FOR MURDER AND ROBBERY BACK EAST!

HERE ON THE YAKONCA RESERVATION... WITH ONLY INDIAN LAWS... WE'VE BEEN SAFE SO FAR! BUT... WHAAAT?

PSST! QUIET, BOYS! IT'S ME... CARDIFF!

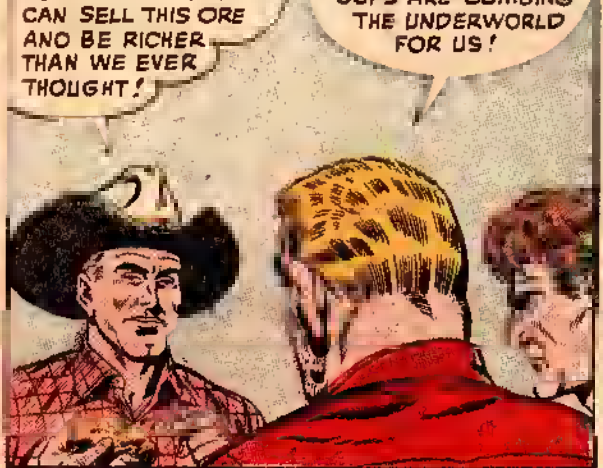
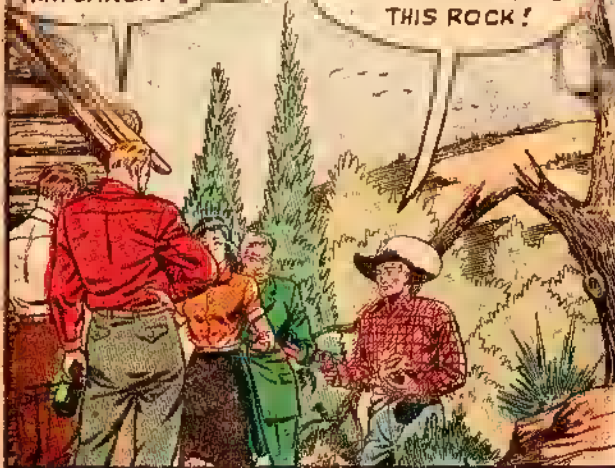


WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THESE PRISONERS, MR. CARDIFF?

TIE THEM UP AND PUT THEM INSIDE! THEN PAY ATTENTION TO THIS ROCK!

IF WE CAN CLAIM THE MINERAL RIGHTS TO THIS LAND, WE CAN SELL THIS ORE AND BE RICHER THAN WE EVER THOUGHT!

BUT WE CAN'T GO BACK TO TOWN! THE COPS ARE COMBING THE UNDERWORLD FOR US!

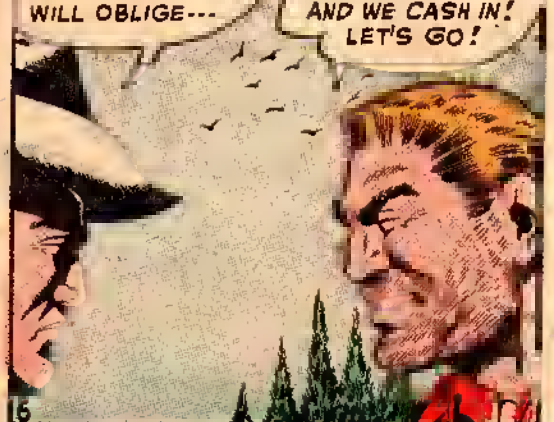


WE WON'T BE IN THE UNDERWORLD! WE'LL LIVE IN HIGH SOCIETY... BE REAL BIG SHOTS!

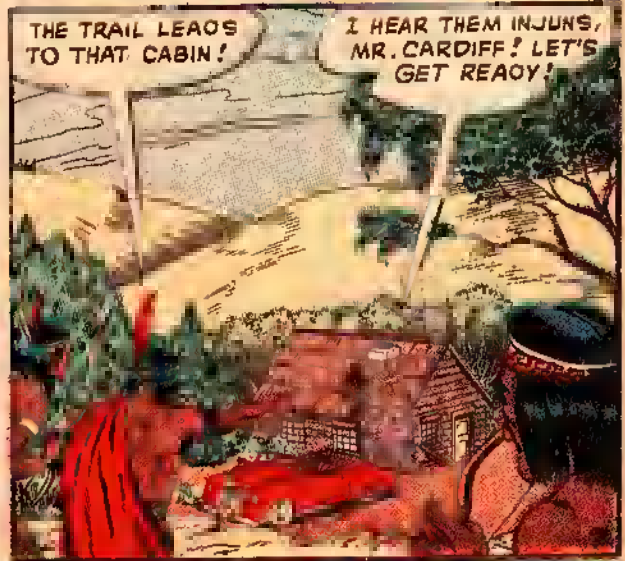
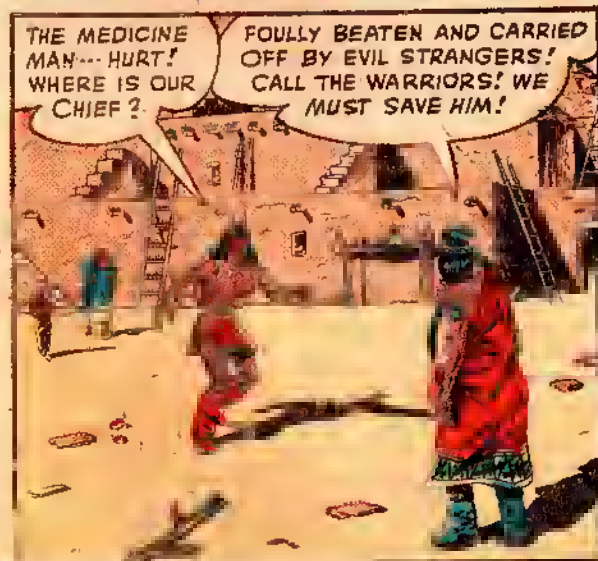
THE MINERAL RIGHTS BELONG TO THE INDIANS! THE CHIEF WILL NEVER GIVE 'EM UP TO US!

TRIBAL LAW SAYS WHOEVER LICKS THE CHIEF IN A FAIR FIGHT, GETS TO BE CHIEF! IF HOLSTER HERE WILL OBLIGE...

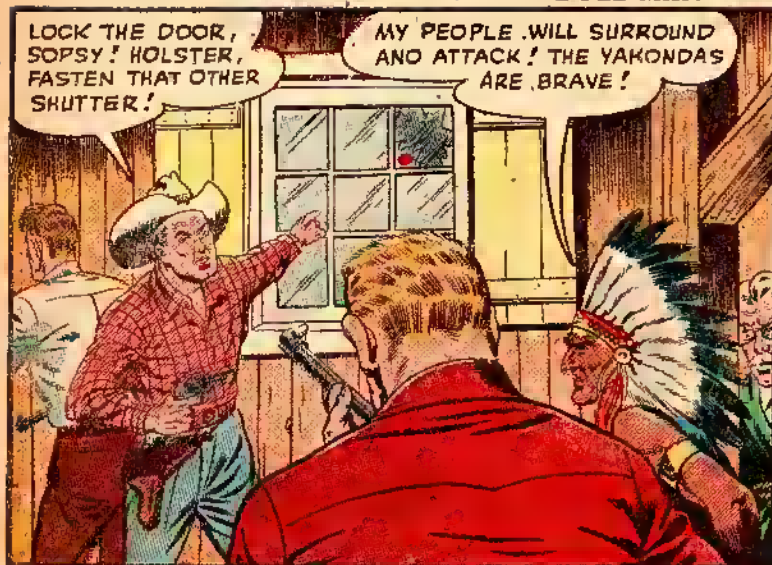
IT'S PRACTICALLY DONE! WITH ME THE NEW CHIEF, I'LL GIVE US THE MINERAL RIGHTS... AND WE CASH IN! LET'S GO!





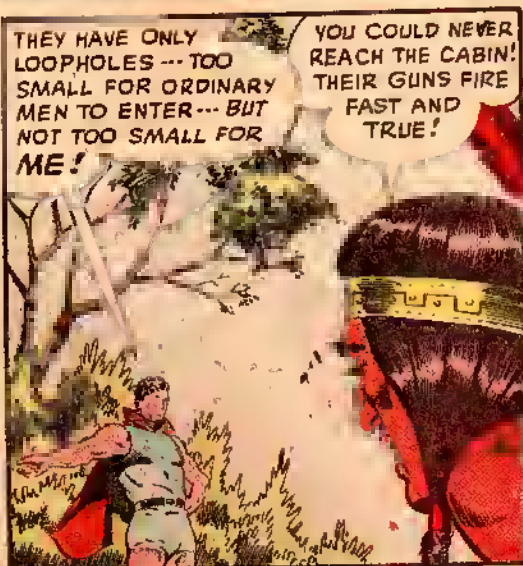
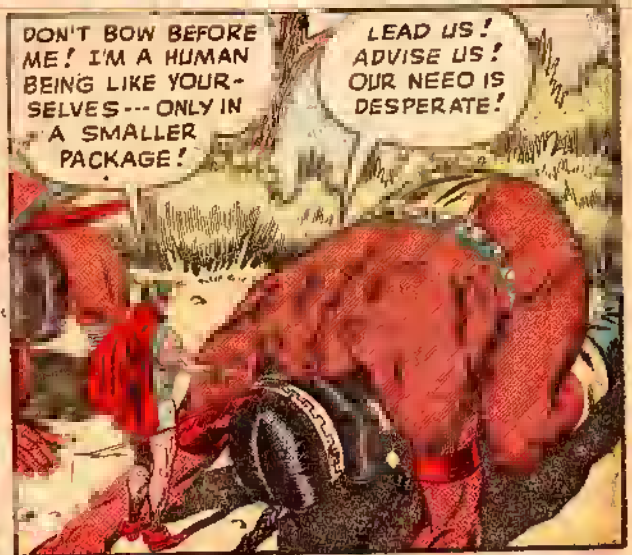






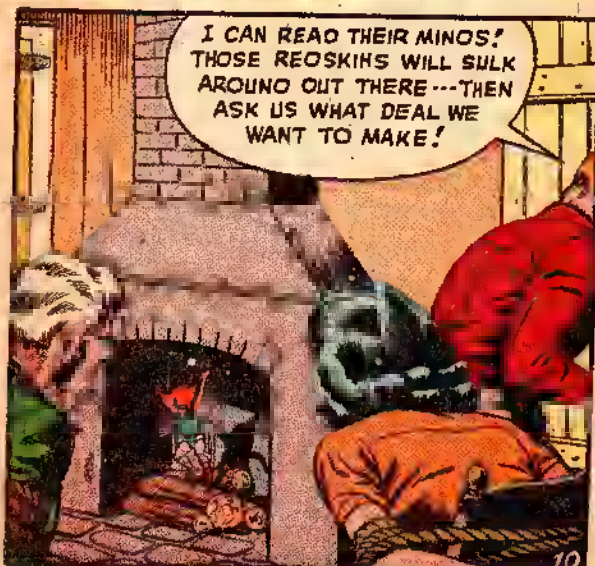
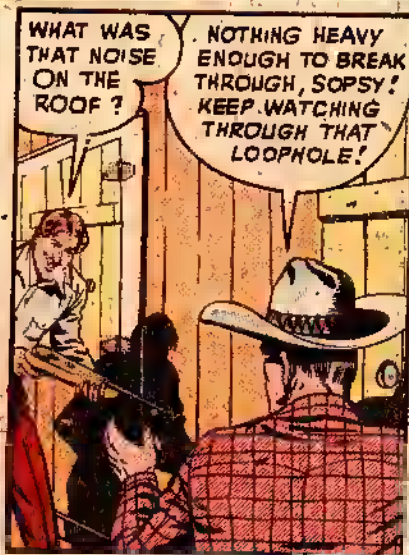
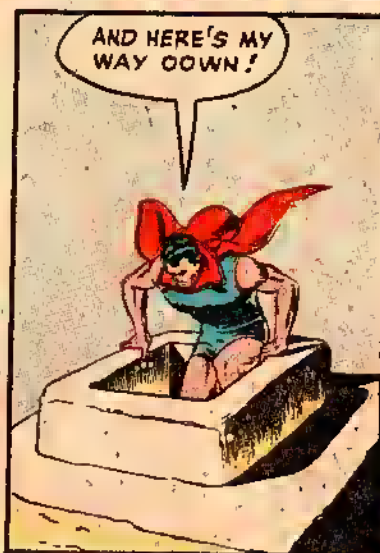
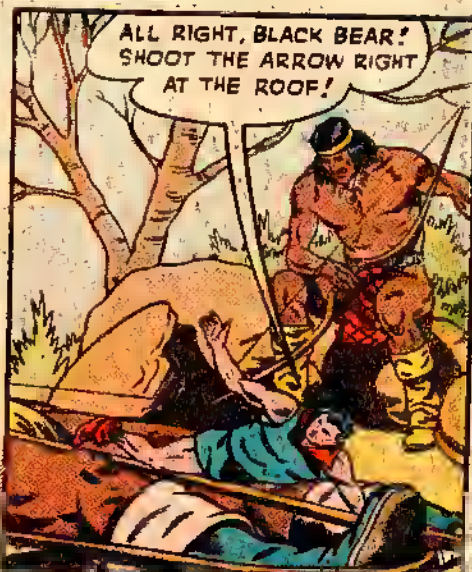
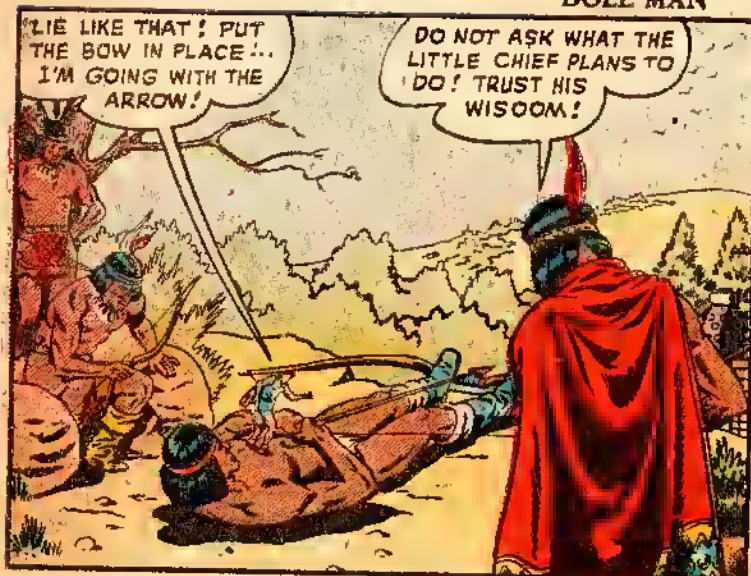


# DOLL MAN



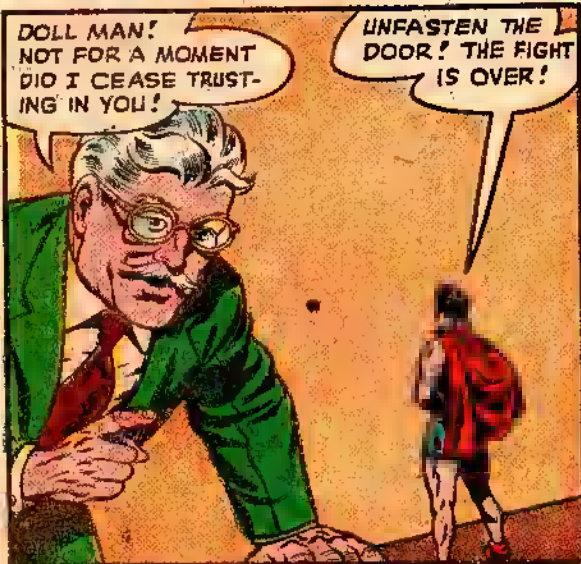
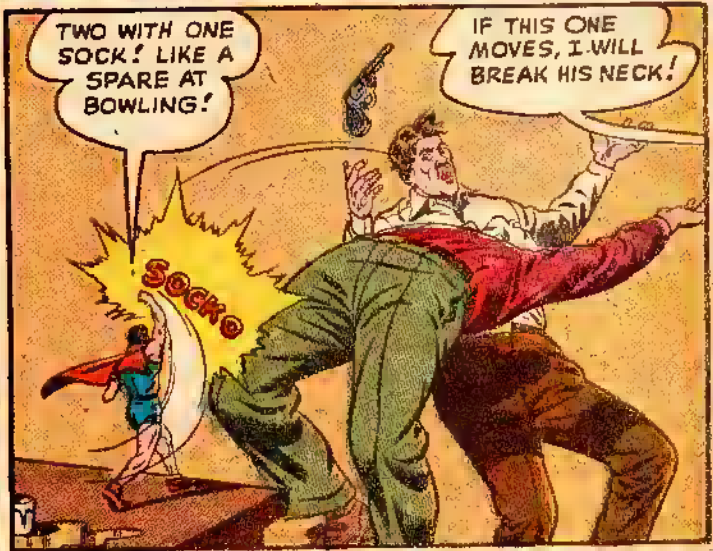
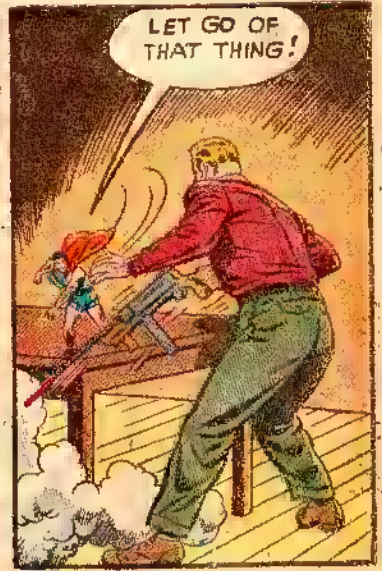
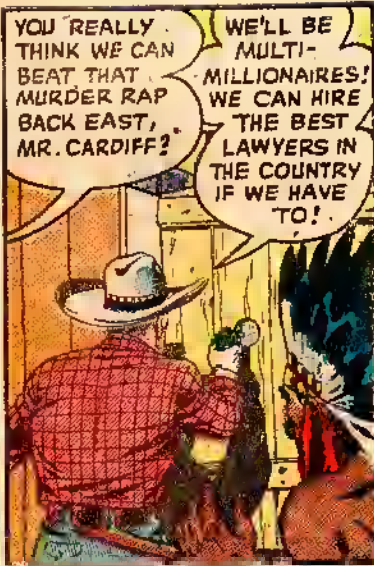


# DOLL MAN



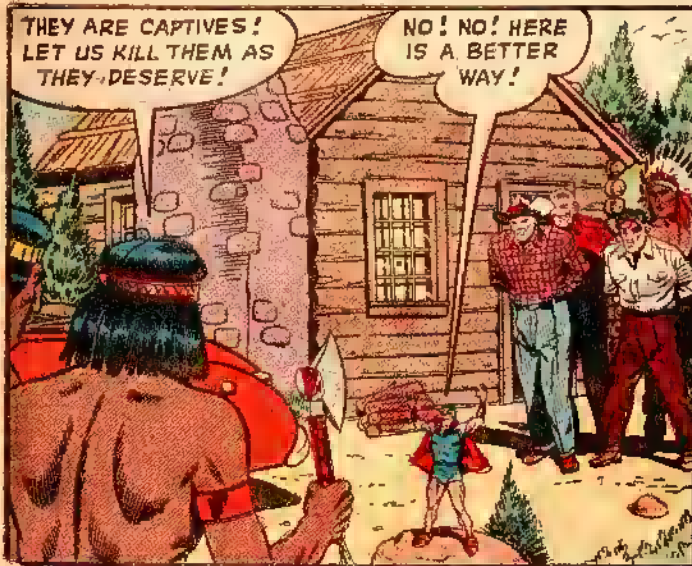


# DOLL MAN

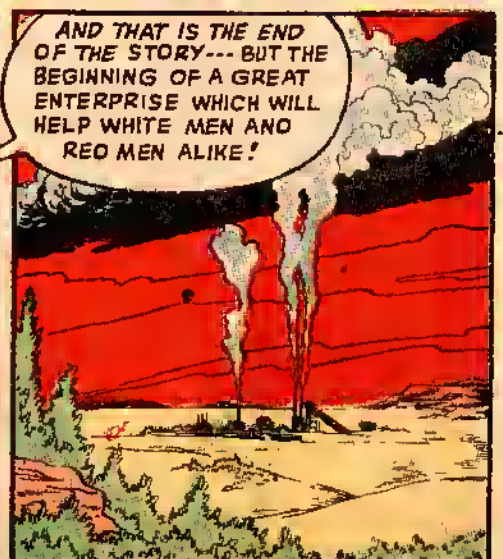
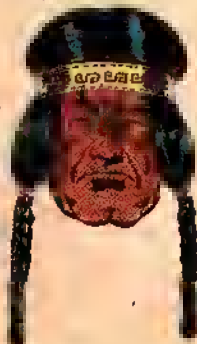




# DOLL MAN



Slipping  
out of  
sight, the  
DOLL MAN  
concentrates  
his power  
of will...





The

# DOLL MAN



**W**HAT WAS HIS GHASTLY SECRET? Men touched him, and died in terrible agony! For his were the hands of doom!

**T**HE DOLL MAN defies the clutching grip of fear to battle GLOVES, the strange villain whose hands speak the language of **DEATH!**



DOLL MAN



Mark these hands well, for they might have been adapted to the crashing sounds of the piano concerto...

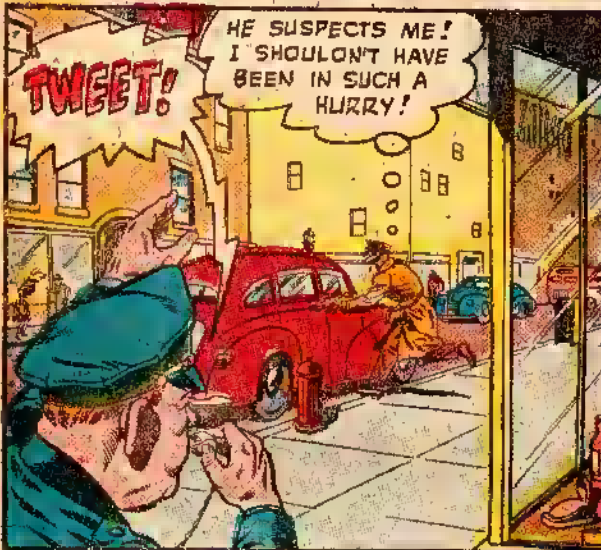


AGHH!

I instead of to the chilling death rattle of an innocent victim!



THE FOOL! HE LOVED HIS PRECIOUS MING VASE, A LITTLE TOO WELL FOR HIS OWN GOOD!



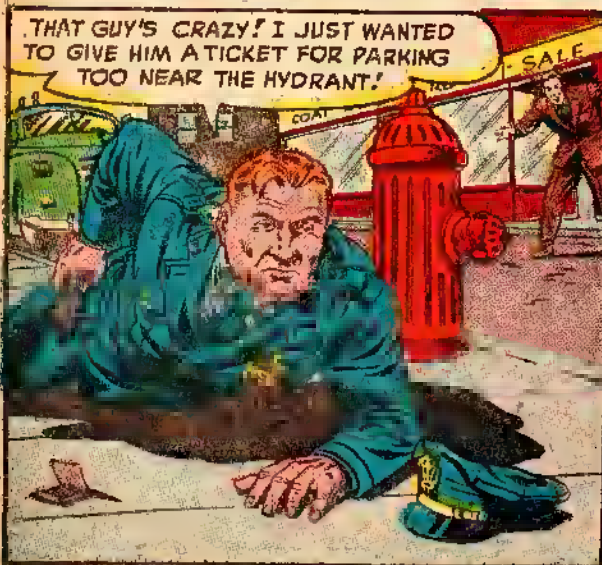
TWEET!

HE SUSPECTS ME! I SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN SUCH A HURRY!

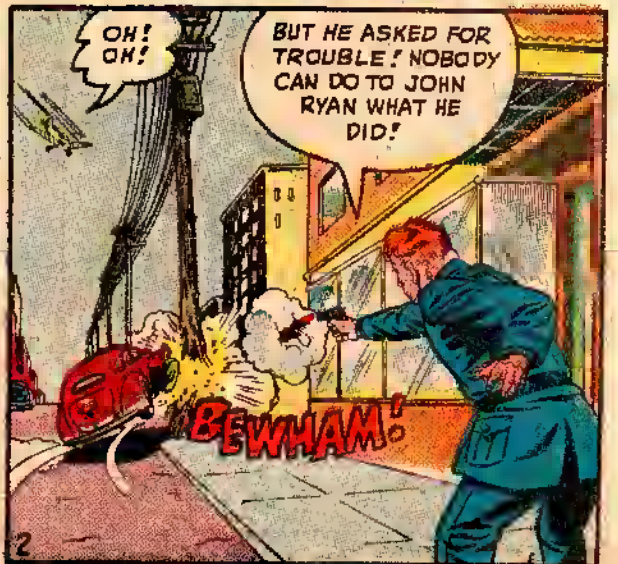


OHHHH!

BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP NOW!



THAT GUY'S CRAZY! I JUST WANTED TO GIVE HIM A TICKET FOR PARKING TOO NEAR THE HYDRANT!



OH! OH!

BUT HE ASKED FOR TROUBLE! NOBODY CAN DO TO JOHN RYAN WHAT HE DID!

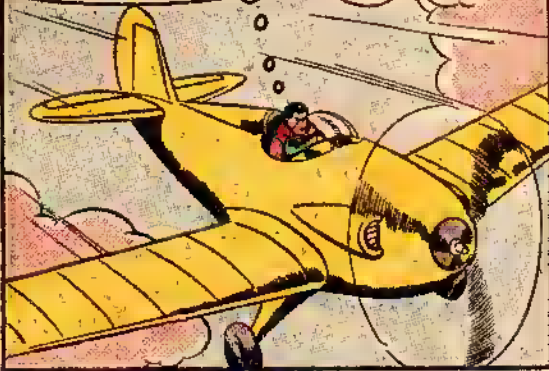
BEWHAM!



# DOLL MAN

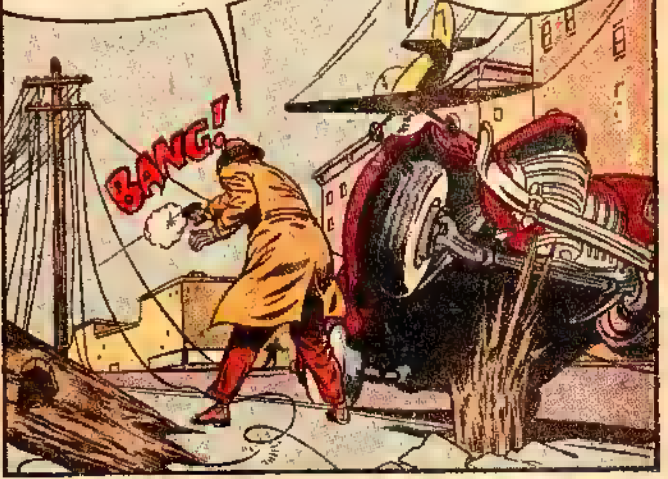
Near by, the world's mightiest mite, The DOLL MAN, is cruising in his Doll Plane ...

LOOKS LIKE EXCITEMENT!  
I'D BETTER HEAD DOWN!



AN INEXCUSABLE DELAY!  
BUT A BULLET WILL MAKE  
UP FOR LOST TIME!

CLEAR THE DECKS!  
IT'S A CRASH  
LANDING!



OOF!

WHAM!

BANG!



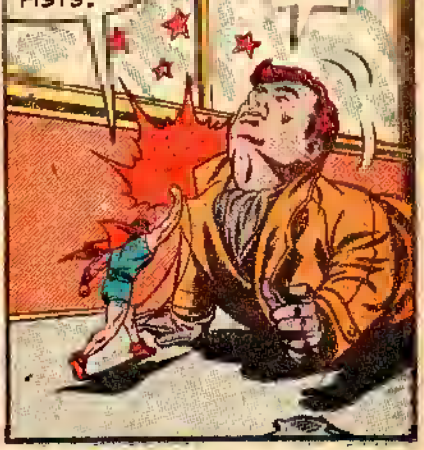
LET'S NOT  
BOTHR WITH  
THE GUN!

CIGARS



I'D RATHER  
SETTLE THIS  
THING WITH  
FISTS!

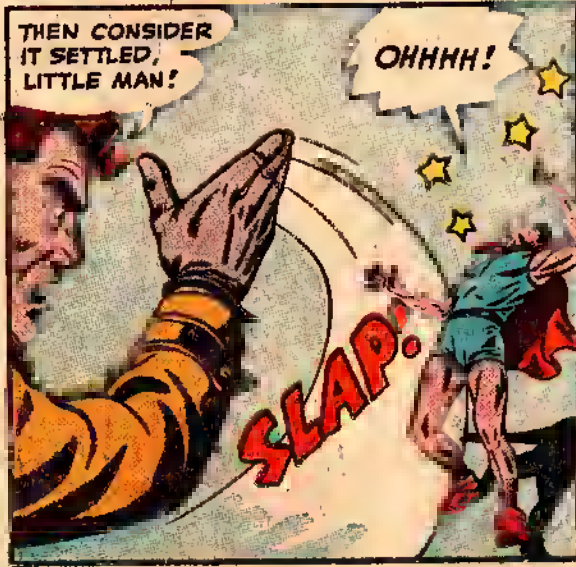
UGH!



THEN CONSIDER  
IT SETTLED,  
LITTLE MAN!

OHHHH!

SLAP!

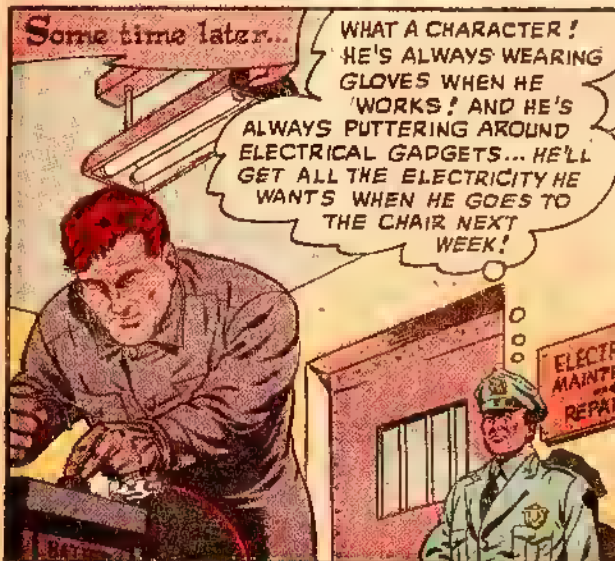
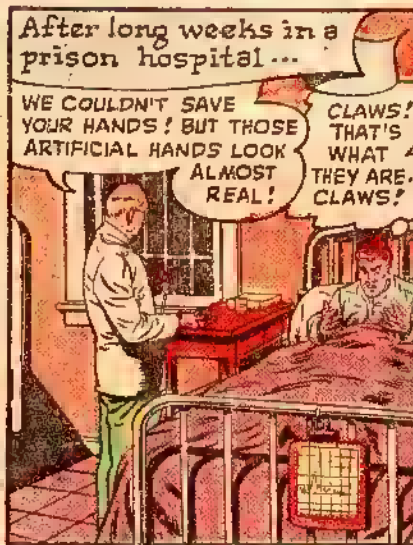
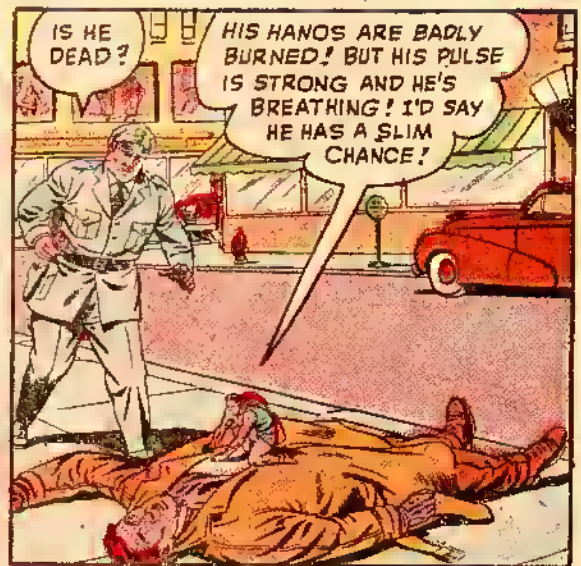
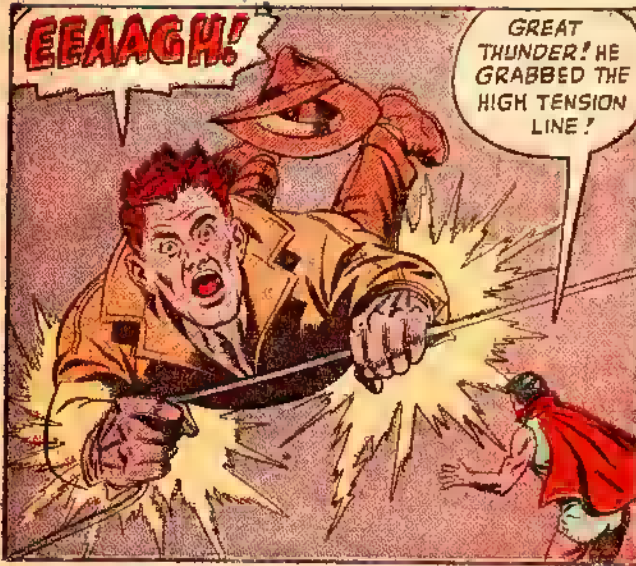


YOU'VE GOT A HEAVY  
HAND, MISTER, BUT  
YOU'RE TOO LIGHT  
ON YOUR FEET!

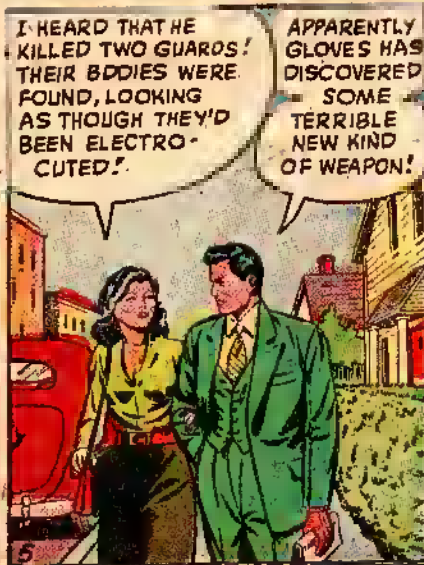
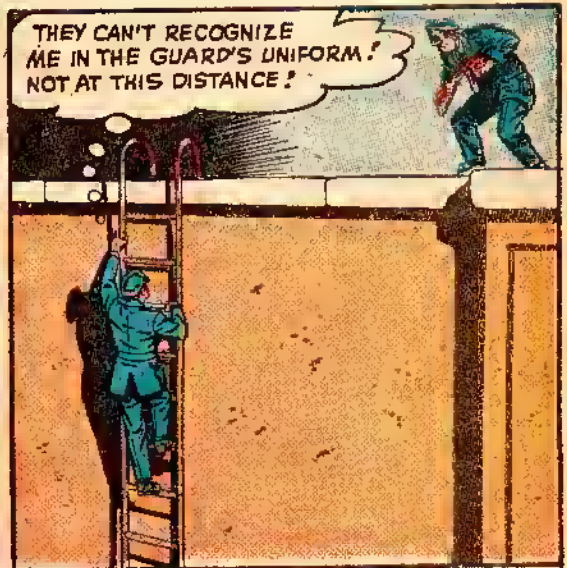
WHA...?











AND IF I KNOW THAT KILLER'S VINDICTIVE MIND, HE'LL BE LOOKING FOR REVENGE! THAT MEANS HE'LL GO AFTER THE DOLL MAN! ...AND PATROLMAN JOE RYAN!





# DOLL MAN

Later, at the store of a dealer in rare Chinese art objects...

SHOW ME YOUR MOST EXPENSIVE JADE!

YES, SIRE! THE STATUE OF LI-HO WILL MOST CERTAINLY PLEASE YOU!



IT IS MADE OF THE PUREST JADE! YOU MAY HAVE IT FOR THE MEREST PITTANCE...

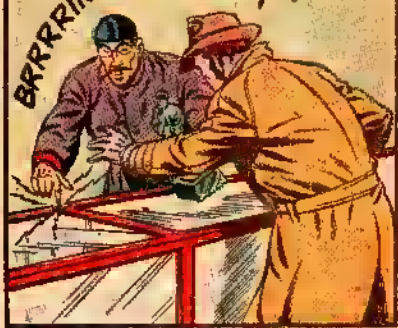
I'LL TAKE IT **THIS** WAY!



A THIEF! THE ALARM WILL SUMMON POLICE!

THAT'S WHAT I WANTED YOU TO DO!

**BRRINGG!**

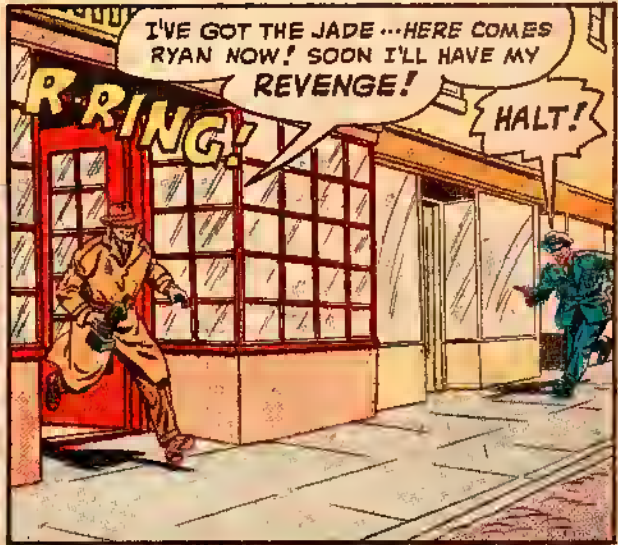


I NEVER INTENDED TO USE THE GUN! I DON'T KILL SO CRUELY!



I'VE GOT THE JADE...HERE COMES RYAN NOW! SOON I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE!

**HALT!**



SO IT'S YOU AGAIN! THIS TIME YOU'RE GOING BACK TO PRISON TO BURN!

YOU'VE GOT ME! I'M READY FOR THE HANDCUFFS!



THERE'S RYAN NOW! AND...AND THAT'S GLOVES WITH HIM!

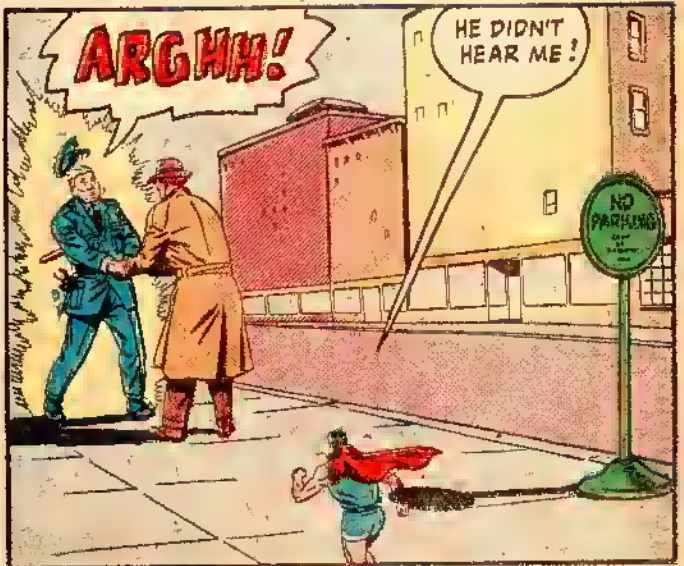




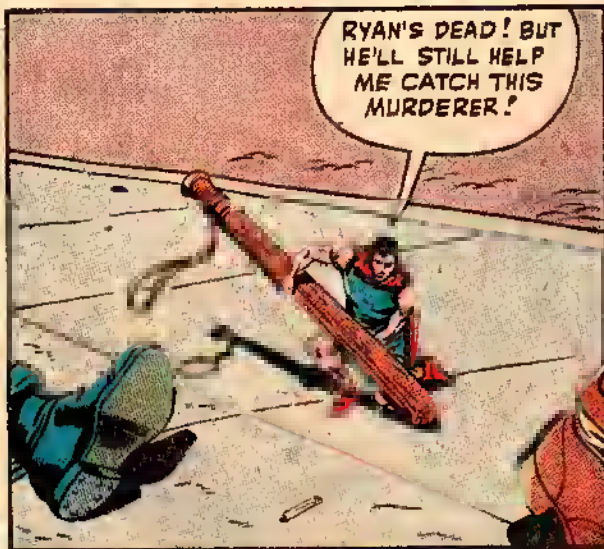
DOLL MAN

Quicker than thought, Darrel Dane compresses the molecules of his body and becomes the DOLL MAN!

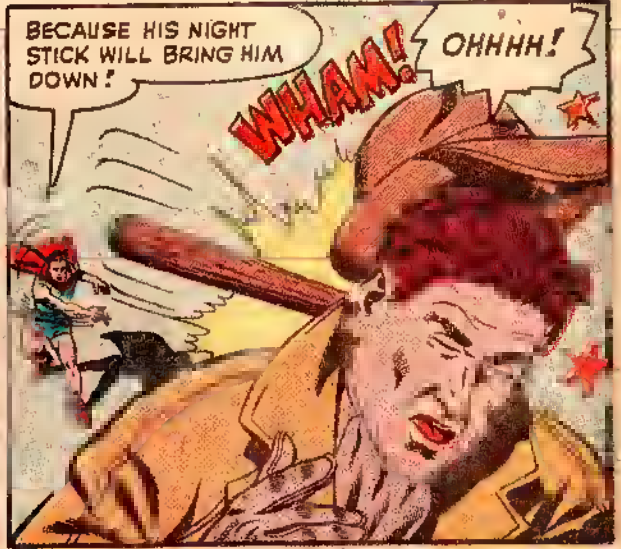
RYAN! DON'T TOUCH HIM!



RYAN'S DEAD! BUT HE'LL STILL HELP ME CATCH THIS MURDERER!



BECAUSE HIS NIGHT STICK WILL BRING HIM DOWN!



LET'S JUST SHAKE ON IT, DOLL MAN!

I'M STAYING AWAY FROM YOUR HANDS!



BUT IT'S TOO BAD YOU CAN'T STAY AWAY FROM MY FEET!

UGHH!



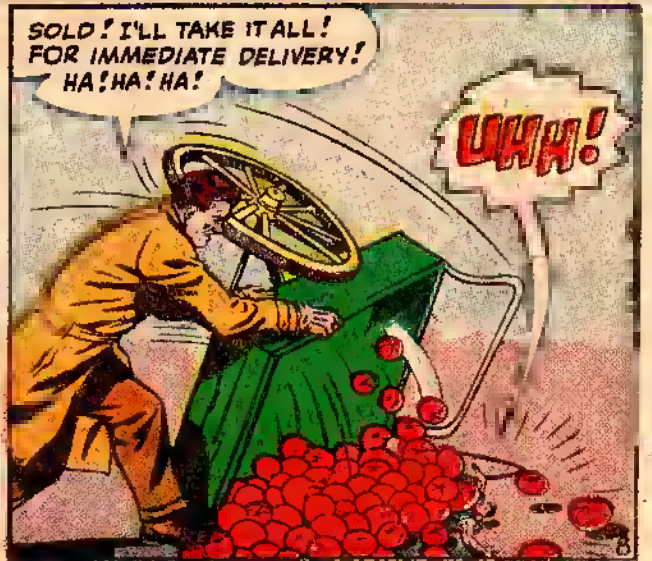
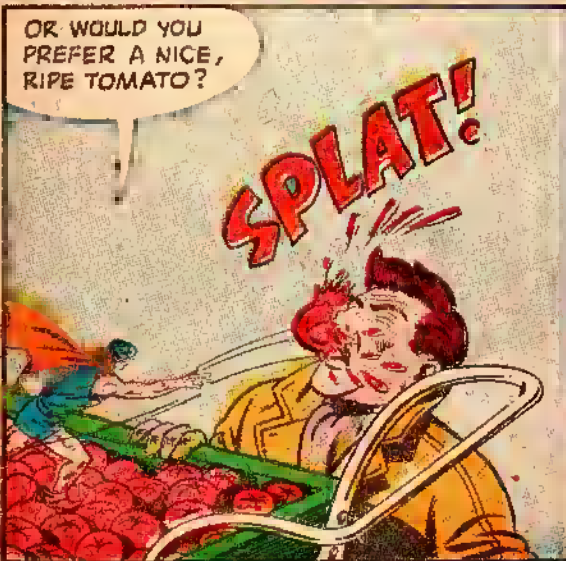
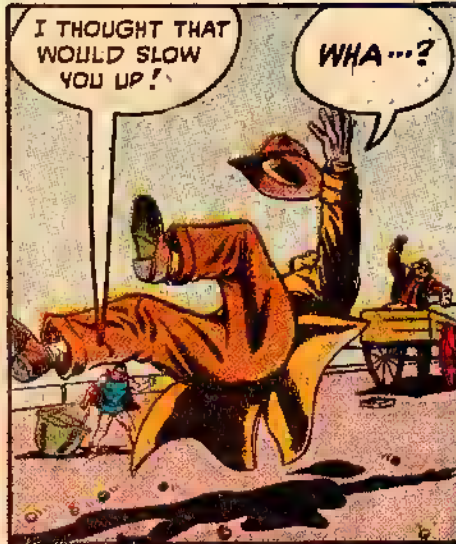
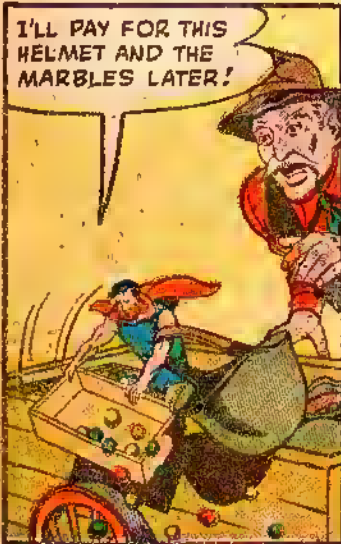
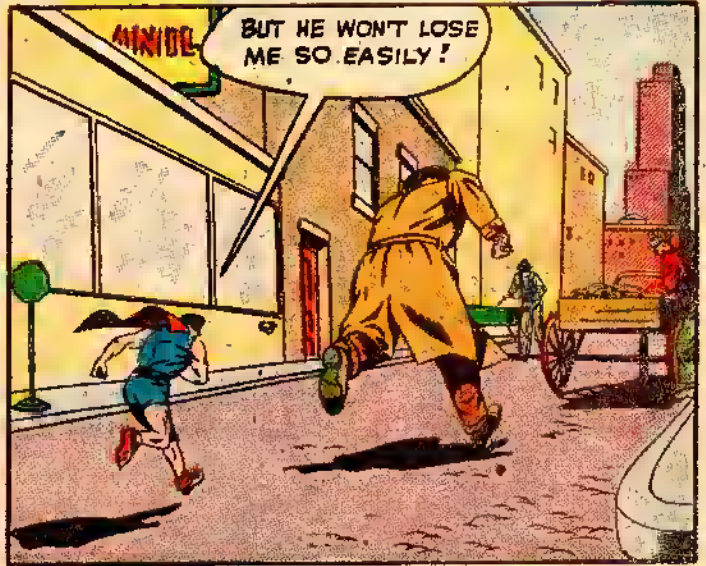
THANKS FOR GIVING ME THE IDEA! YOU CAN FOOT THIS BILL!

OOOOF!



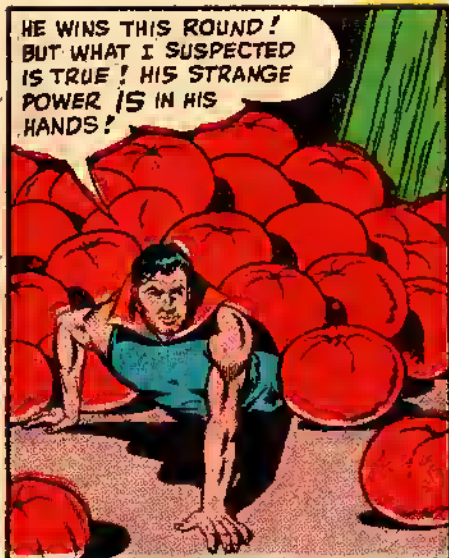


DOLL MAN





# DOLL MAN



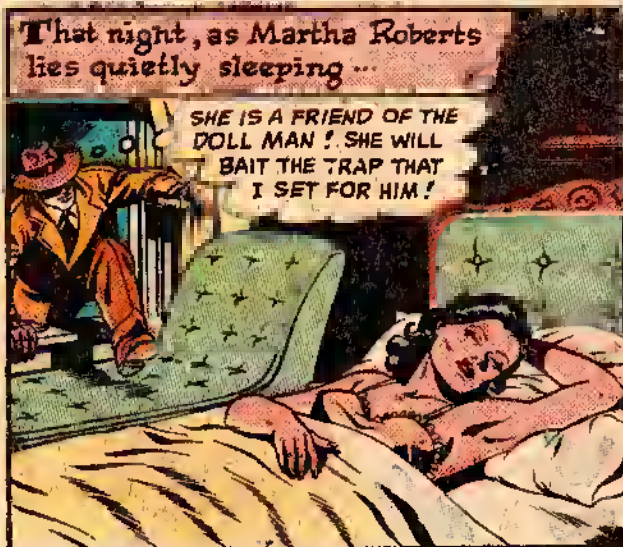
HE WINS THIS ROUND!  
BUT WHAT I SUSPECTED  
IS TRUE! HIS STRANGE  
POWER IS IN HIS  
HANDS!



THE DOLL MAN SURVIVED  
OUR FIRST MEETING! BUT I  
WAS UNPREPARED FOR HIM!  
NEXT TIME IT WILL BE DIFFER-  
ENT! HIS DEATH WILL  
COMPLETE MY  
REVENGE!



HE COST ME MY REAL  
HANDS! IT IS ONLY FITTING  
THAT MY NEW ONES  
SHALL BE THE  
INSTRUMENT  
OF HIS DOOM!



That night, as Martha Roberts  
lies quietly sleeping...

SHE IS A FRIEND OF THE  
DOLL MAN! SHE WILL  
BAIT THE TRAP THAT  
I SET FOR HIM!



DON'T STRUGGLE SO  
WILDLY! IT WON'T HELP...  
AND MY TOUCH DOES NOT  
SPELL DEATH...  
FOR YOU!



Next morning...

MARTHA'S GONE!  
I FOUND THIS  
NOTE!

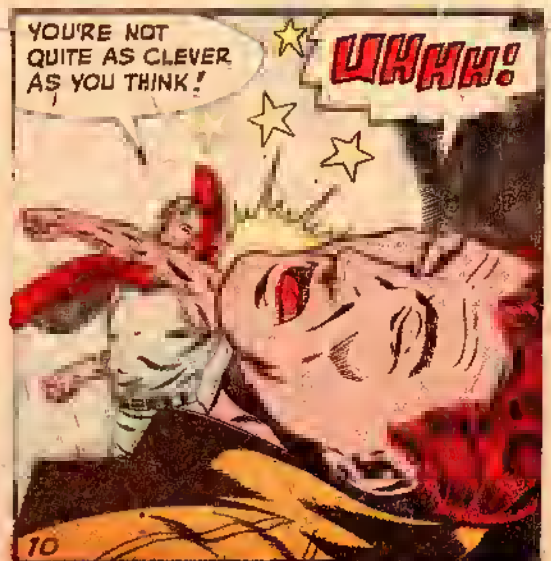
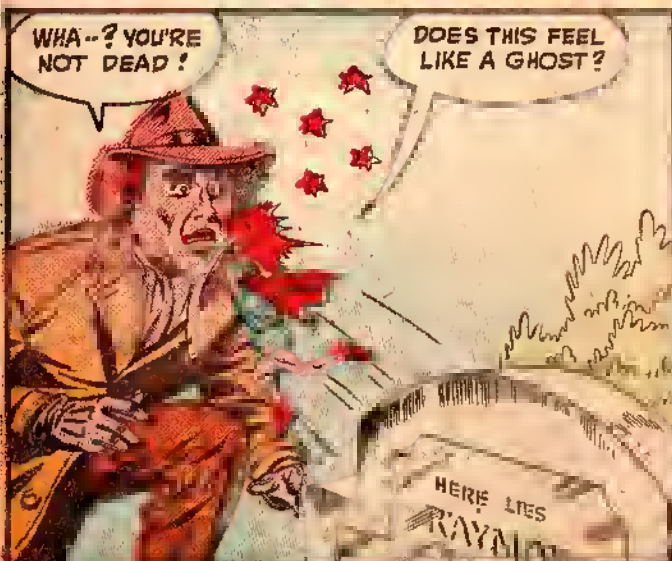
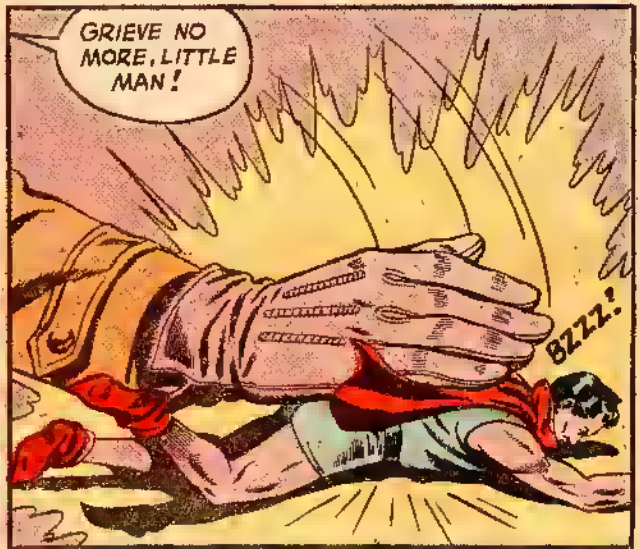
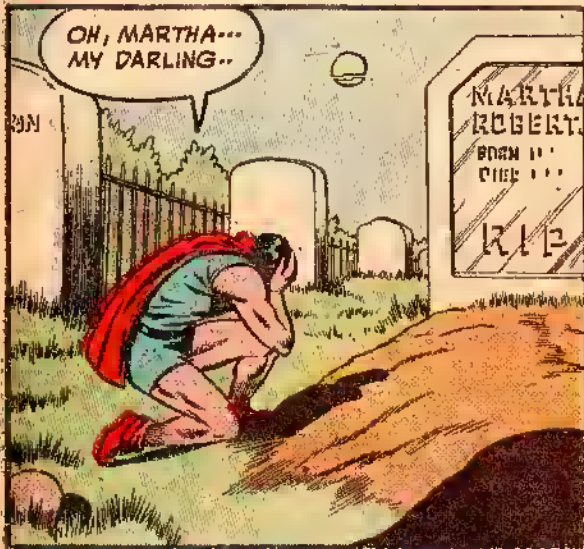
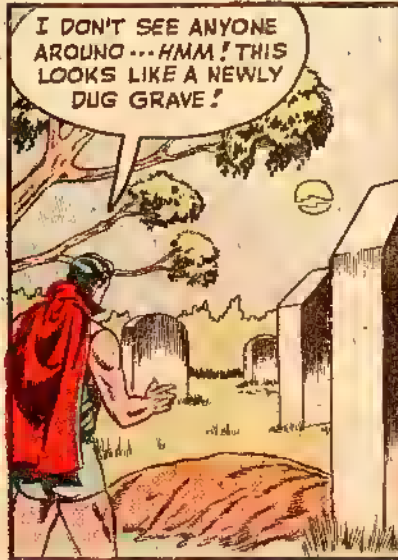
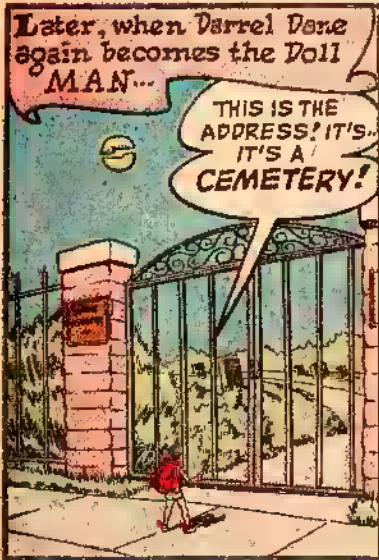
IT'S FROM GLOVES!  
A PRETTY OBVIOUS  
TRAP... BUT I'M  
GOING, ANYWAY!

CHUM!  
IF YOU WANT TO SEE  
HER AGAIN, LET THE  
DOLL MAN COME TO  
142 DATCH ROAD.  
IF ANYONE ELSE COMES,  
SHE DIES!!



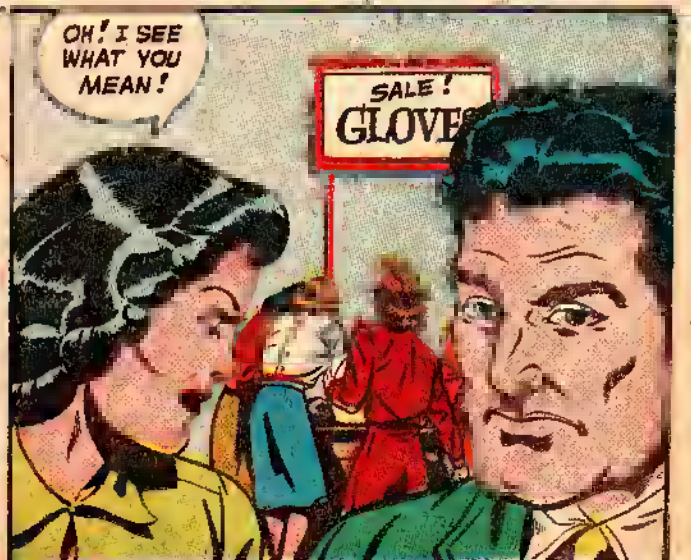
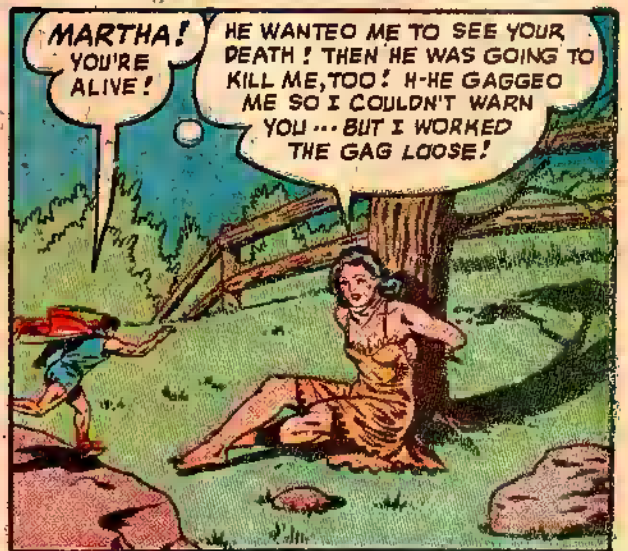
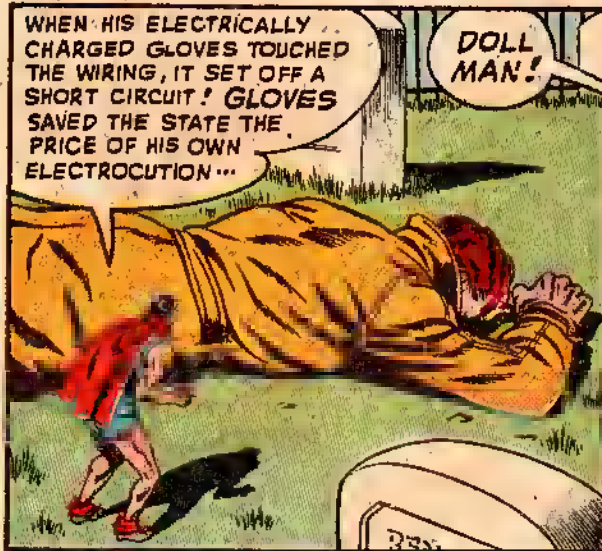
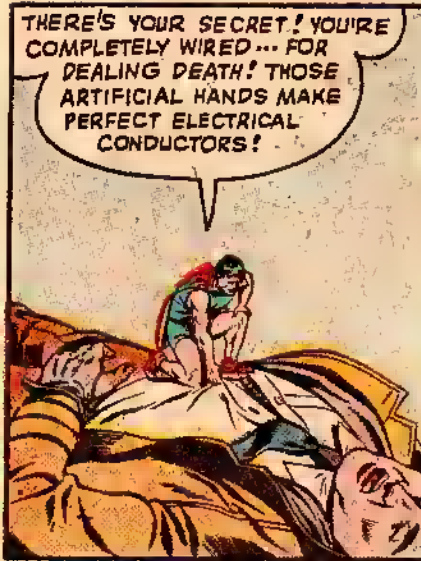


DOLL MAN

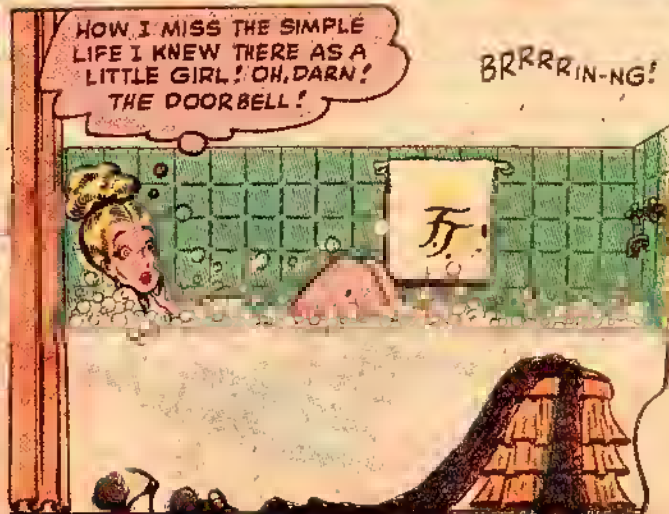
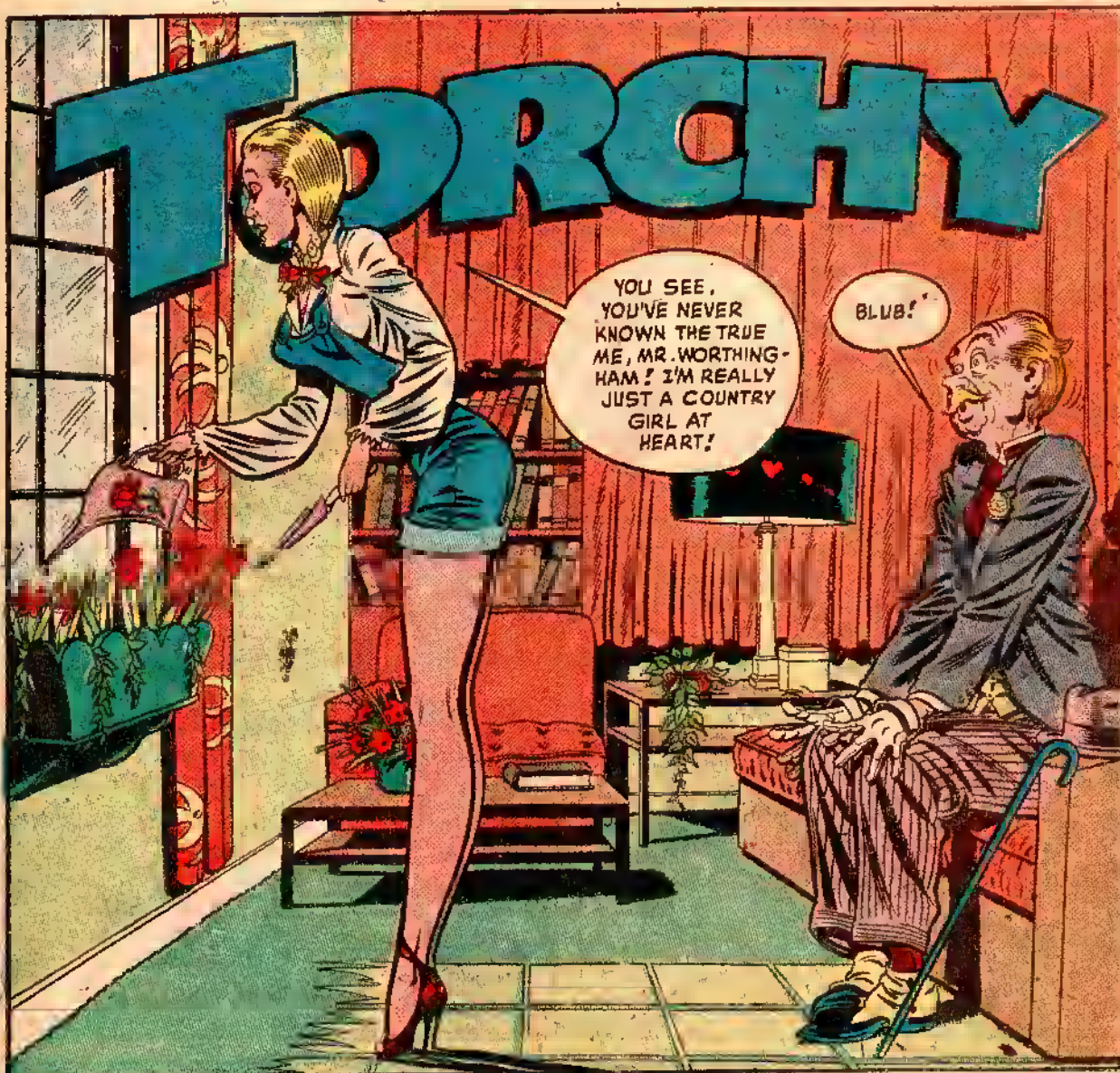




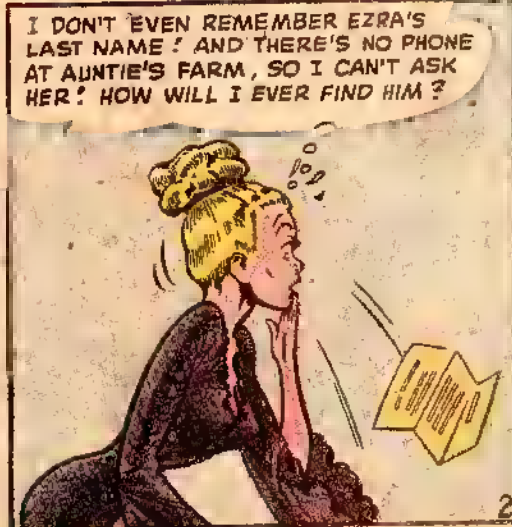
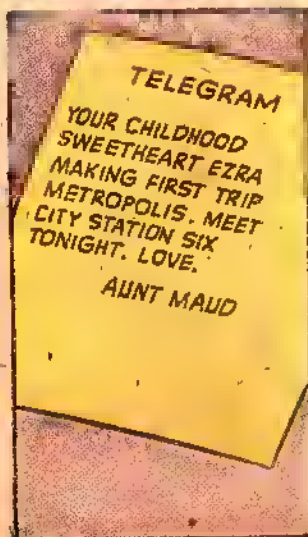
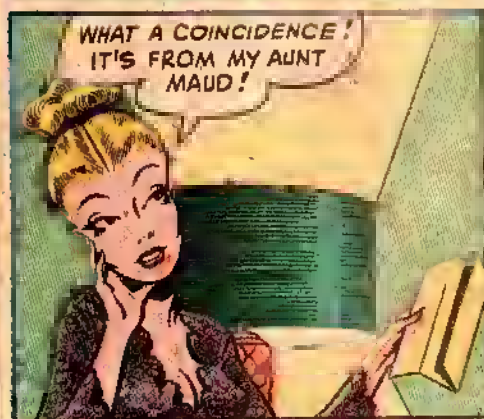
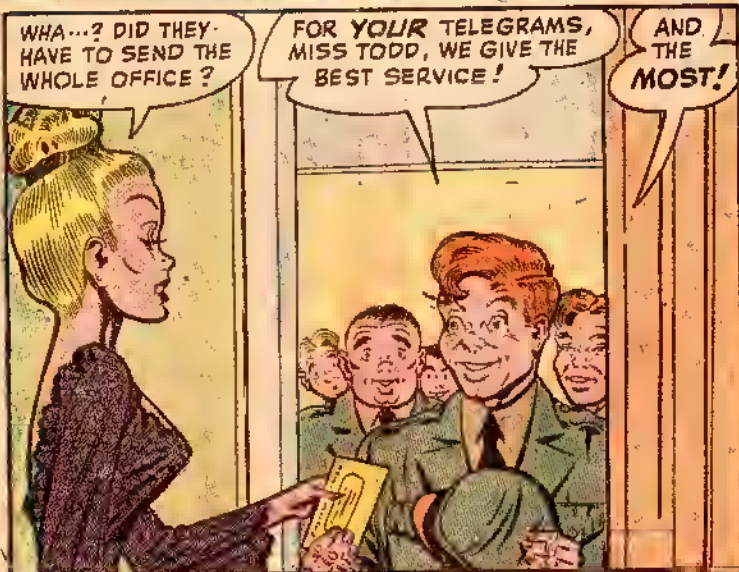
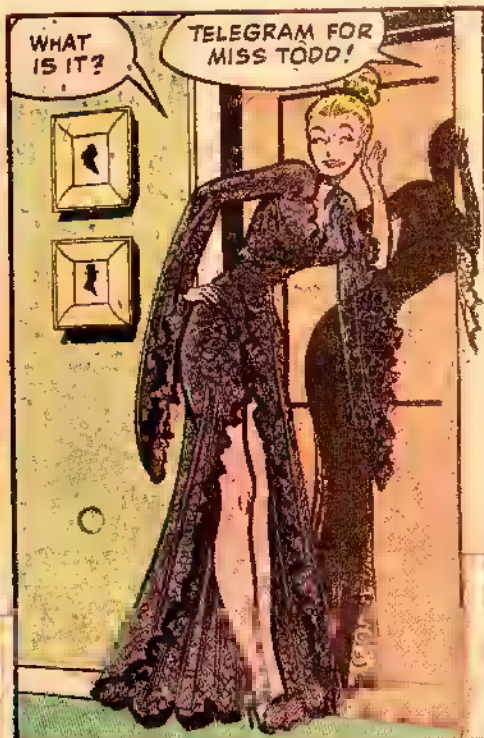
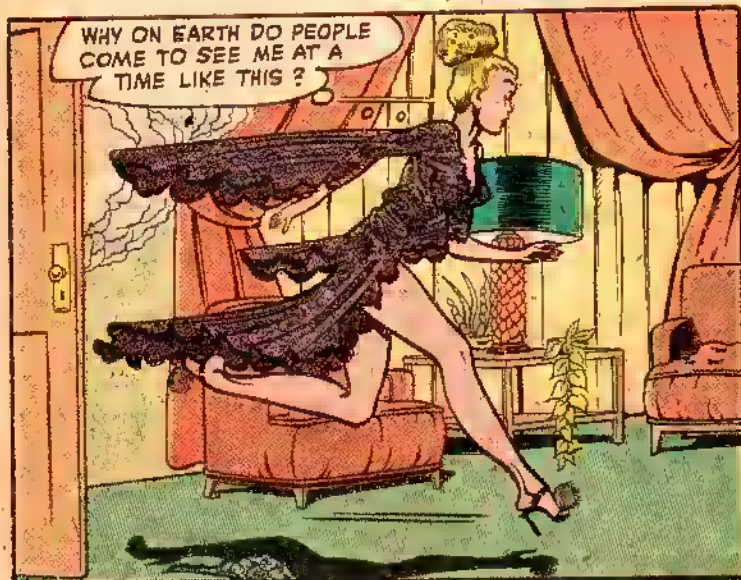
# DOLL MAN



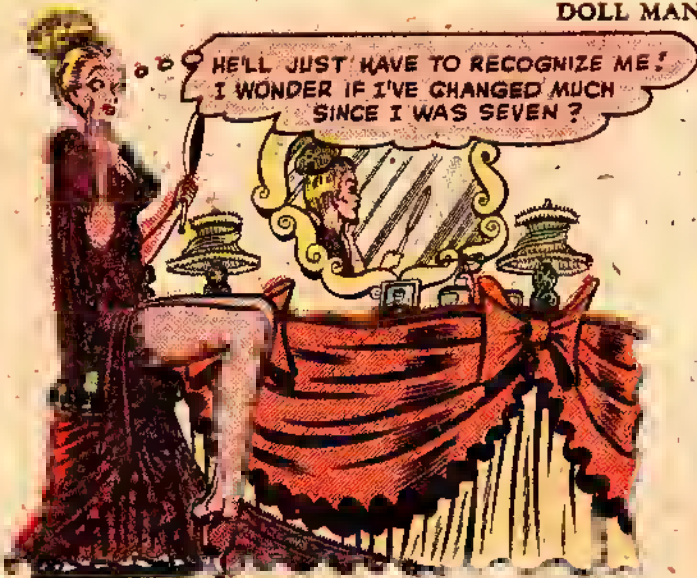












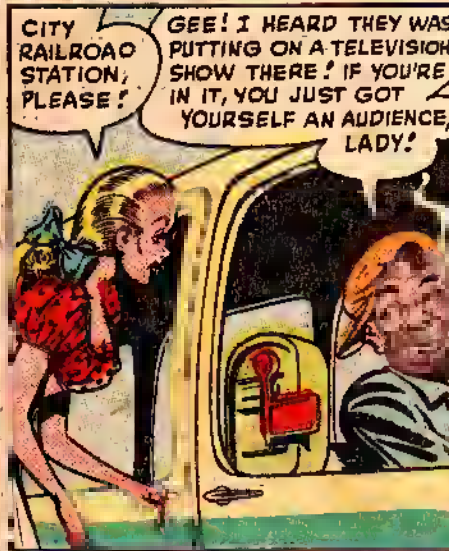
HE'LL JUST HAVE TO RECOGNIZE ME!  
I WONDER IF I'VE CHANGED MUCH  
SINCE I WAS SEVEN?



I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL DRESS  
JUST LIKE I USED TO, SO HE'LL BE  
SURE TO KNOW ME!

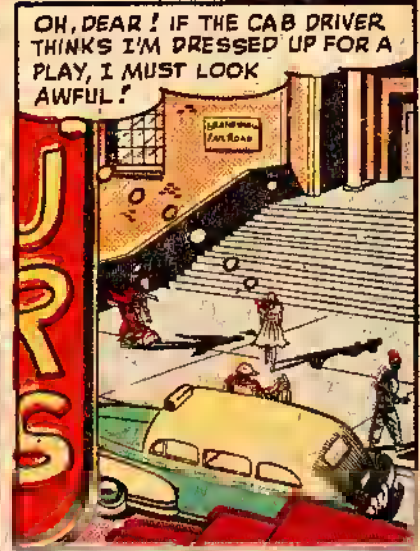


I HOPE THIS WORKS...  
HE'LL BE SCARED TO  
DEATH IF HE DOESN'T  
FIND ME, I KNOW!

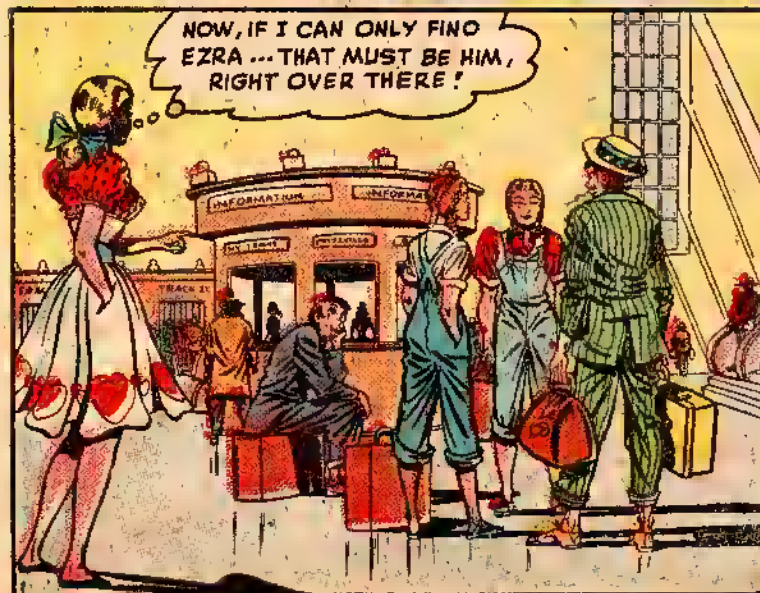


CITY  
RAILROAD  
STATION,  
PLEASE!

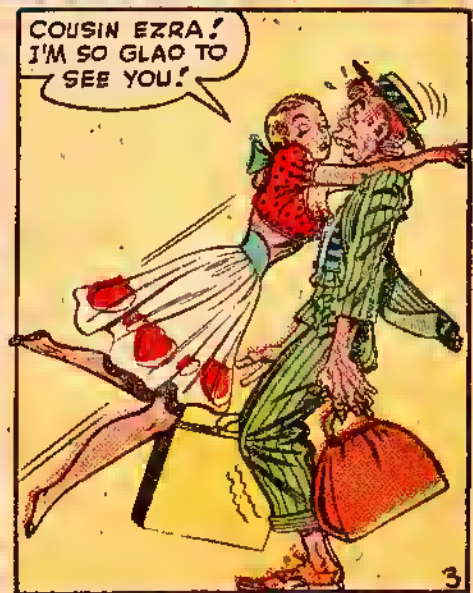
GEE! I HEARD THEY WAS  
PUTTING ON A TELEVISION  
SHOW THERE! IF YOU'RE  
IN IT, YOU JUST GOT  
YOURSELF AN AUDIENCE,  
LADY!



OH, DEAR! IF THE CAB DRIVER  
THINKS I'M DRESSED UP FOR A  
PLAY, I MUST LOOK  
AWFUL!



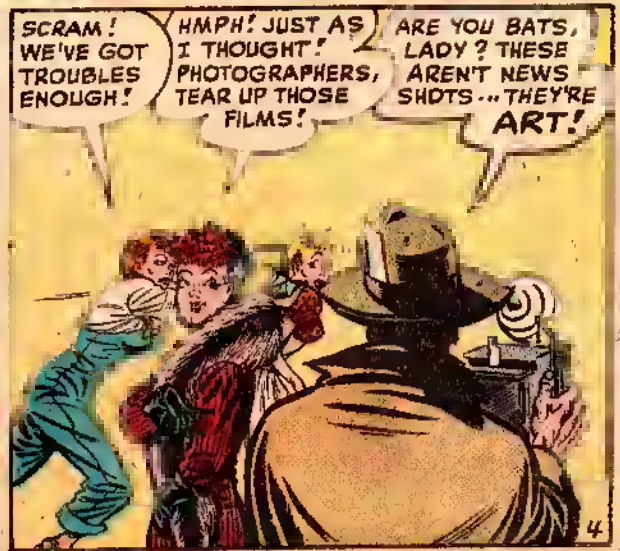
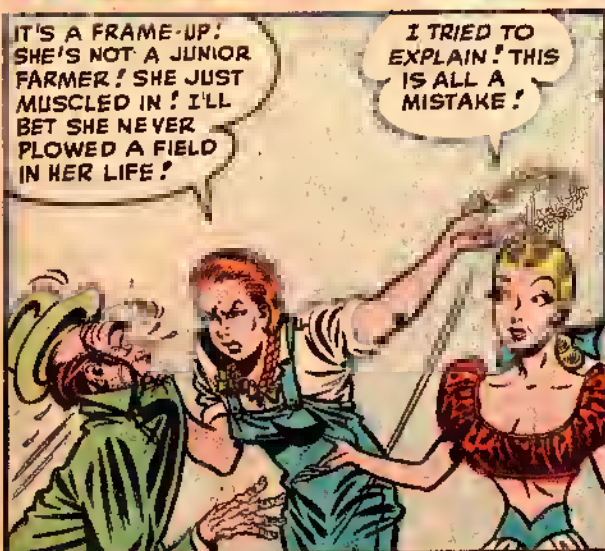
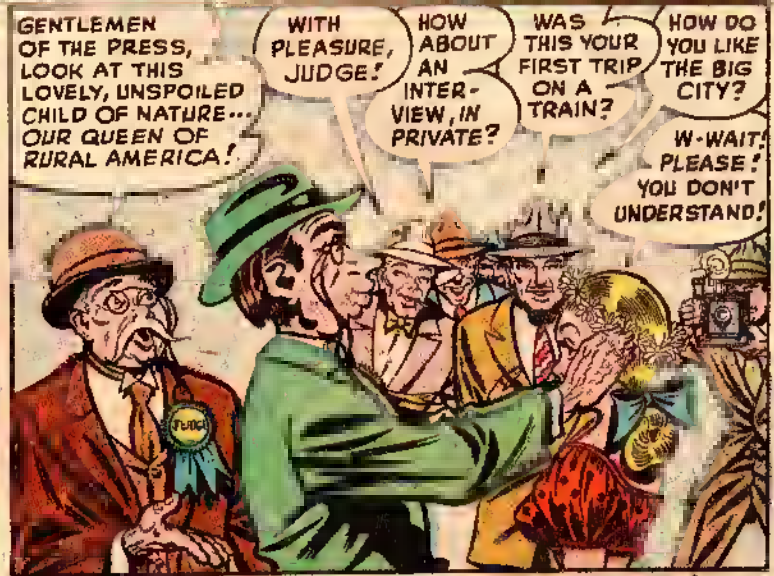
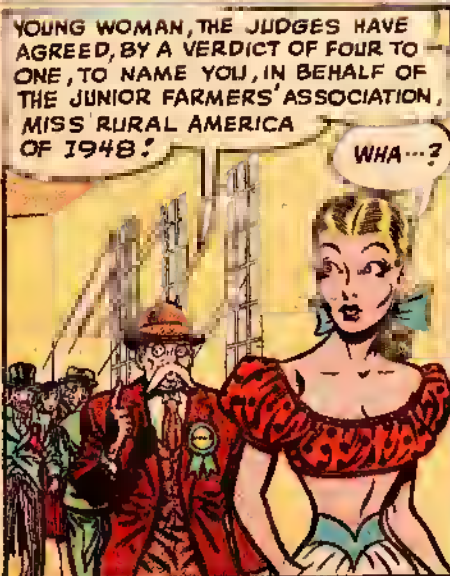
NOW, IF I CAN ONLY FIND  
EZRA... THAT MUST BE HIM,  
RIGHT OVER THERE!



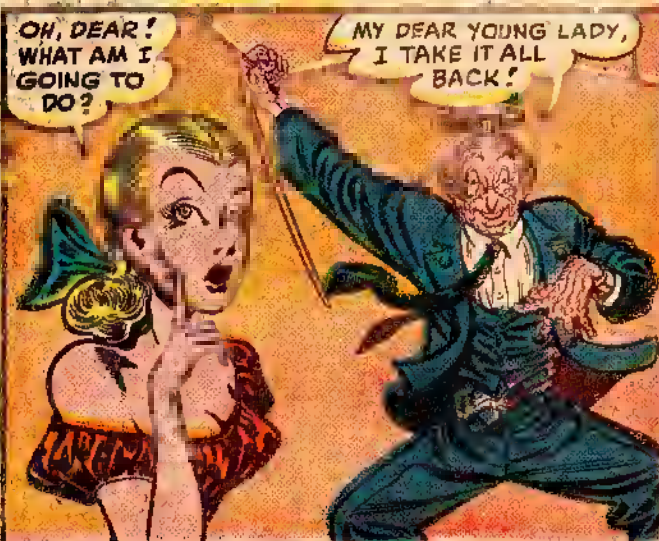
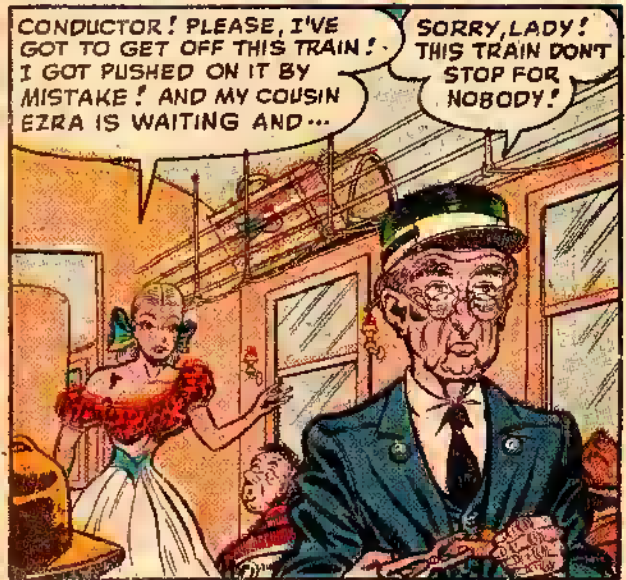
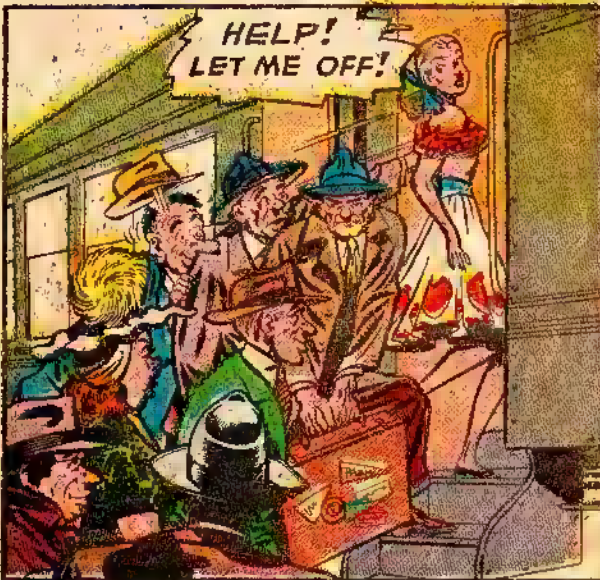
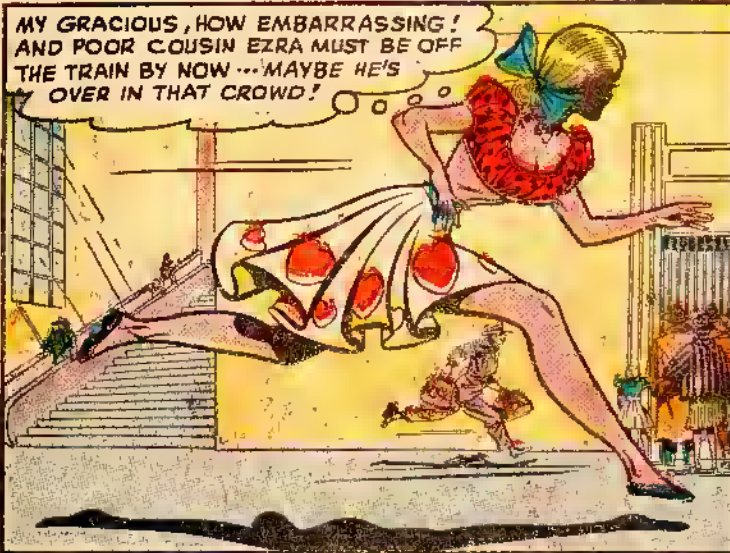
COUSIN EZRA!  
I'M SO GLAD TO  
SEE YOU!



# DOLL MAN

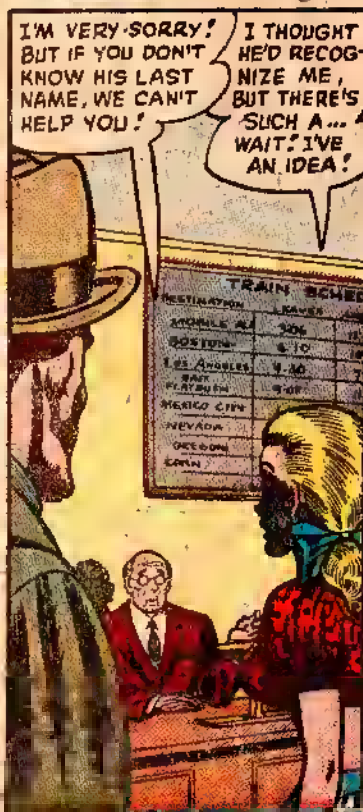
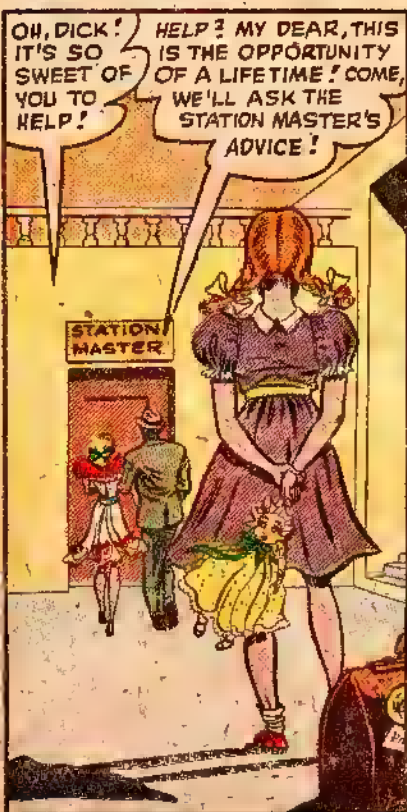
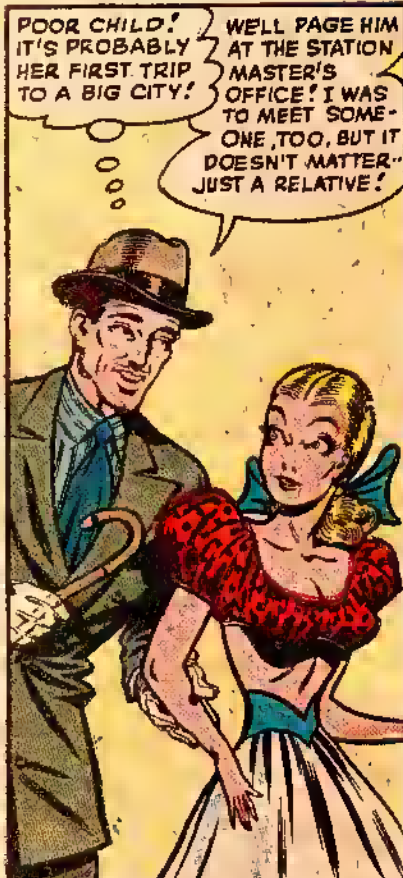
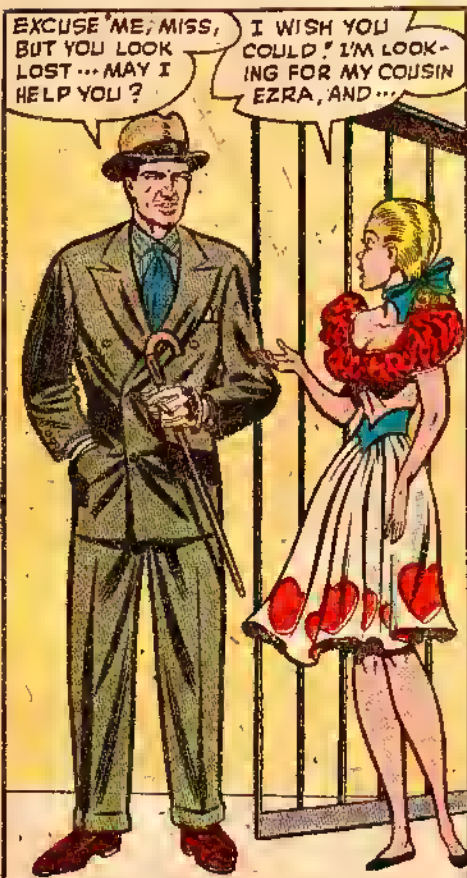




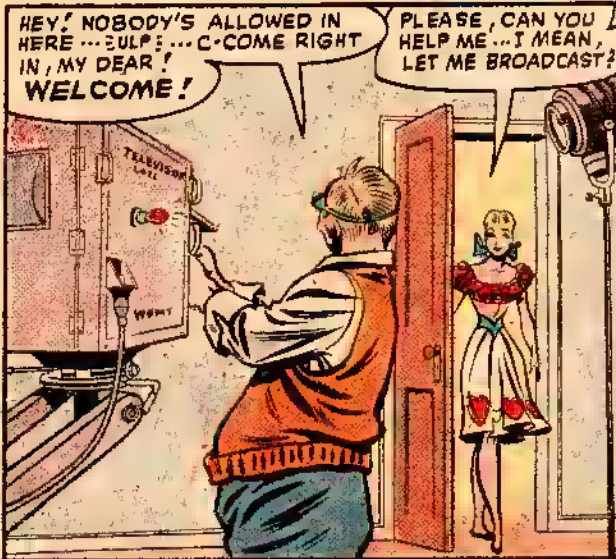




# DOLL MAN

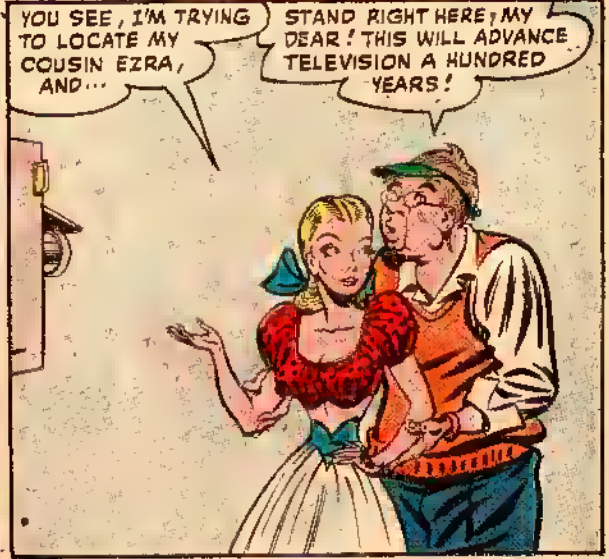






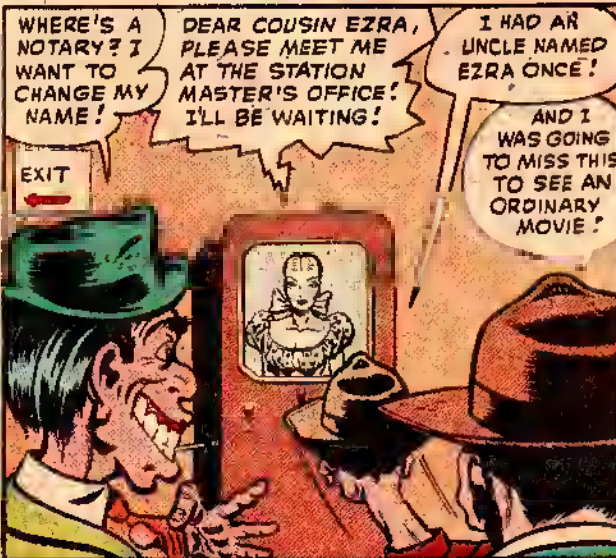
HEY! NOBODY'S ALLOWED IN HERE...ZULP!...C-COME RIGHT IN, MY DEAR! WELCOME!

PLEASE, CAN YOU HELP ME...I MEAN, LET ME BROADCAST?



YOU SEE, I'M TRYING TO LOCATE MY COUSIN EZRA, AND...

STAND RIGHT HERE, MY DEAR! THIS WILL ADVANCE TELEVISION A HUNDRED YEARS!

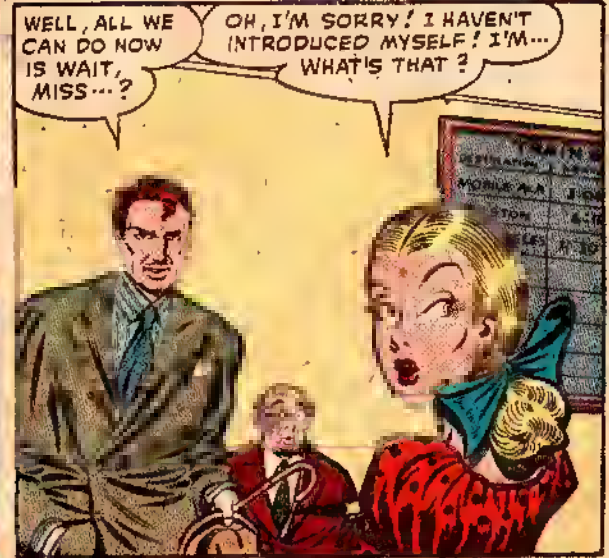


WHERE'S A NOTARY? I WANT TO CHANGE MY NAME!

DEAR COUSIN EZRA, PLEASE MEET ME AT THE STATION MASTER'S OFFICE! I'LL BE WAITING!

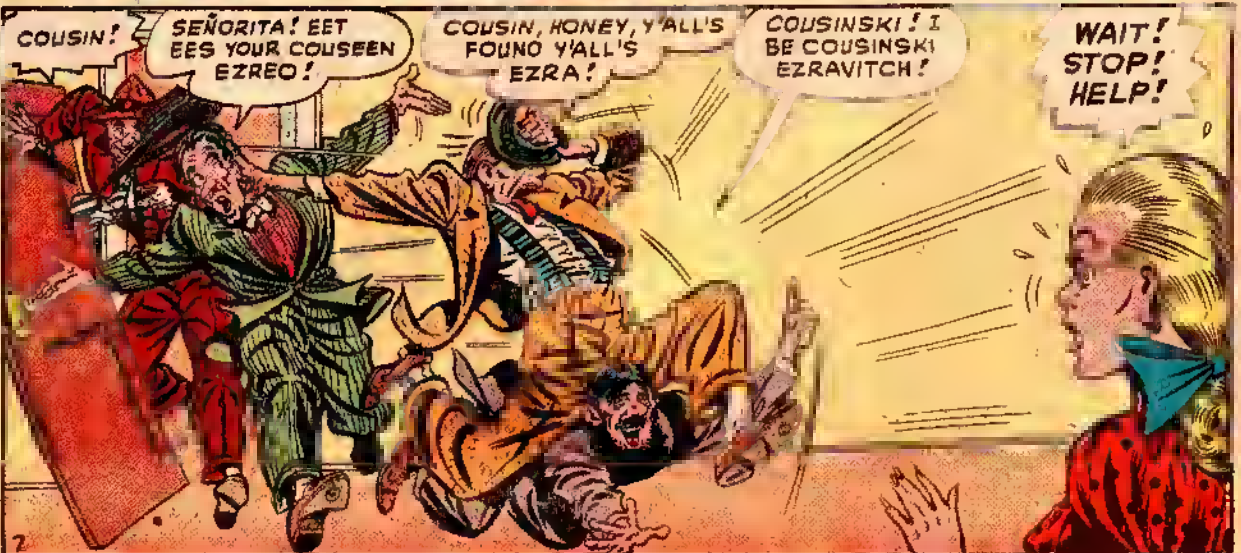
I HAD AN UNCLE NAMED EZRA ONCE!

AND I WAS GOING TO MISS THIS TO SEE AN ORDINARY MOVIE!



WELL, ALL WE CAN DO NOW IS WAIT, MISS...?

OH, I'M SORRY! I HAVEN'T INTRODUCED MYSELF! I'M... WHAT'S THAT?



COUSIN!

SEÑORITA! EET EES YOUR COUSEEN EZREO!

COUSIN, HONEY, Y'ALL'S FOUNO Y'ALL'S EZRA!

COUSINSKI! I BE COUSINSKI EZRAVITCH!

WAIT! STOP! HELP!



# DOLL MAN

THEY'RE WRECKING THE PLACE! CALL THE POLICE! CALL THE ARMY!

I'LL PROTECT YOU! THESE MEN ARE OBVIOUSLY IMPOSTERS!

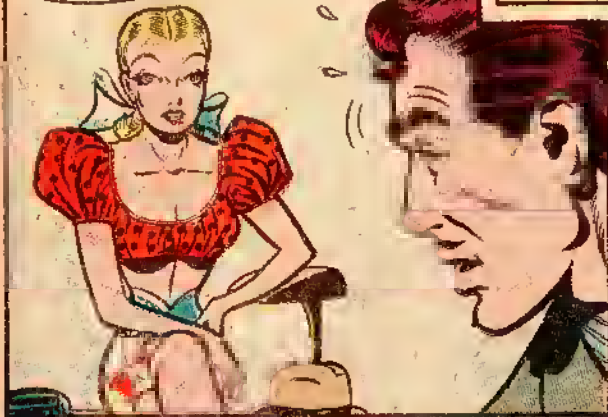
LINE UP AND PRESENT YOUR IDENTIFICATION! YOU CAN PROVE WHICH ONE'S YOUR COUSIN, CAN'T YOU, MISS?

I THINK SO...



FIRST, ARE ANY OF YOU FROM SASSAFRAS IN QUACKENBUSH COUNTY?

S--SASSAFRAS? QUACKENBUSH? B--BUT...



AND SECOND, DO ANY OF YOU KNOW MY NAME?

EX--EXCUSE ME, B-BUT BY ANY CHANCE, IS IT TODD? T-TORCHY TODD?



WHY, YES! HOW ON EARTH DID YOU KNOW?

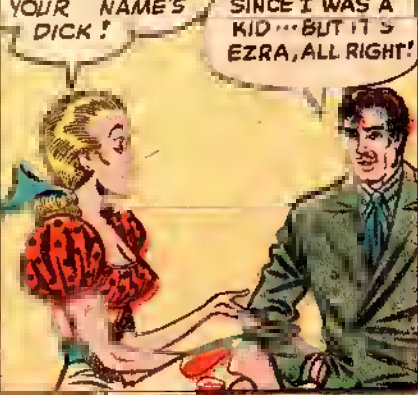
B-BUT I THOUGHT YOU'D JUST ARRIVED FROM THE COUNTRY! I NEVER DREAMED YOU...

I DRESSED SO LIKE THIS SO COUSIN EZRA WOULD RECOGNIZE ME! BUT YOU'RE NOT FROM THE COUNTRY... AND YOUR NAME'S DICK!

I'VE BEEN LIVING OUT WEST FOR YEARS... THIS IS MY FIRST TRIP BACK EAST! HAVEN'T USED MY FIRST NAME SINCE I WAS A KID... BUT IT'S EZRA, ALL RIGHT!

HOLLYWOOD WAS NEVER LIKE THIS! TO THINK YOU'RE MY OWN COUSIN TORCHY! AS WE USED TO SAY AT HOME, MY KISSIN' COUSIN!

ULP!





# The PYGMY KILLER

THE night throbbed with the violent beat of drums. The sound waves pulsed through the jungle and bounded into the open spaces. Dr. Roberts' tent seemed to be vibrating as he stirred again and then sat up. This sensation was something entirely new to him. It was the voice of Africa!

He got up and slipped into a robe. Then he opened the flap of the tent and looked out. The night was a jewel, with the stars glimmering over the forest, dim only where the moon cut a swath through them.

Dr. Roberts stepped out into the open and smelled the heavy jungle smells. A lion roared not far away. It was the signal for another to grunt and then roar a thunderous reply. Night birds chattered sleepily overhead. A monkey squealed and as Roberts watched, hurled something at a moving shadow on the ground.

The doctor stood and observed the night as if it were a drama on some strange stage and he the only human being in the audience.

Africa!

He filled and lit his pipe and allowed his thoughts to roam over the vastness of this awesome continent. The thudding drums faded. Silence fell over the jungle.

Martha Roberts, his daughter, yawned and sat up. Smelling the pungent tobacco smoke, she crawled out of her bunk and stepped through the tent flap.

"Dad," she called, "where are you?"

"Here, Martha." The glow of his pipe revealed his presence. "I was restless—thought I'd sit out here awhile."

"It's a lovely night," Martha said, her hand touching his shoulder. "Oh, Dad, I love Africa! Don't you?"

"Delightful," he replied. "I only hope my work on the tsetse fly will be half as delightful."

Martha sat down beside him on a log. "It would be wonderful to find a cure for sleeping sickness. It would save thousands of lives."

"Yes, it would, Daughter. And we must get started on our experiments first thing in the morning. . . . I wonder why the bearers are so quiet?"

Dr. Roberts and Martha had been on the trek for two weeks. Always before, the bearers had done considerable mumbling and singing throughout the night. But tonight there

was no sound from the outer circle of the clearing. Odd that the natives should be sleeping so soundly.

"What was that?" said Martha in a whisper.

"I heard nothing." Dr. Roberts listened intently. He shook his head. "Maybe my ears are too old."

"No. There it is again, Dad. . . . Oh, look!"

Suddenly around them on every side materialized a horde of little men, all armed to the teeth with long bows and spears. They were hardly four feet tall, but many of them had enormous beards and mats of woolly hair. They grimaced ferociously.

Dr. Roberts gasped, "Pygmies! My heavens, they must have done away with the bearers!"

The Pygmy leader began chattering and pointing. Then several of the little men stepped forward and took Dr. Roberts and Martha by the arms. Quickly ropes were thrown about them and they were bound securely.

"We're prisoners!" exclaimed Dr. Roberts. "My heavens, Daughter! What are we to do?"

"Just don't resist them," said Martha in a voice that hadn't a quaver. "Darrel will find us wherever we're taken. They'll probably hold us for ransom."

"Well, they're preparing to march," the doctor said. "We'll go quietly and hope for the best."

More than a week before this episode took place, Darrel Dane had boarded a Clipper plane and taken off for Dakar. He had not expected to leave for Africa for another two weeks, but he had had no word from Martha Roberts, his fiancée. He was worried.

When he arrived at Dakar, he quickly arranged for a private plane to land him in the interior of Uganda. He had wired ahead for an outfit. The plane was a speedy little cabin job and Darrel reached Entebbe, capital of the protectorate, a full two hours before he had planned.

He wasted no time at the outfitting station in Entebbe, but took off immediately with a dozen bearers and a tracker. A few miles from the city they picked up the trail Dr. Roberts and Martha had taken. They stuck to the trail for five days, hoping to meet a runner from the doctor's party. None came, and Darrel Dane became a bit panicky. He urged the trackers to push ahead as fast as possible.



## DOLL MAN

The pace became so fast that the bearers began grumbling and the tracker advised Darrel that he would have to slow down.

"We're not slowing down until I know something about the fate of my friends," Darrel retorted. "If the bearers think the pace too fast, they can quit now."

The tracker was a good man. Darrel offered him double pay, and he quieted the bearers. The very next day the party arrived at the spot in the clearing where the Pygmies had jumped the Roberts party.

The native tracker could read the signs easily.

"Pygmies," he stated. "They jump friends here. Kill bearers. Friends taken away. We hurry, else Pygmy kill friends."

A cold perspiration broke out all over Darrel's body. Martha in the hands of those blood-thirsty little Pygmies! It was almost too much for him. Then he got a grip on himself. It would be a race for life now.

Meanwhile, Dr. Roberts and Martha had been marched to the stockade of the Pygmies. It was a large, walled village of wattle huts, all of them too low for a normal adult to stand erect in. They had been shoved inside one of these smelly huts, and a guard was posted at the door.

"What are we to do now?" said Dr. Roberts. "This is a pretty mess!"

Martha tried to keep up a brave front. "Dad, I know Darrel will find us. He's probably on his way here now."

Her father sighed. "Yes, but it may be too late. My experiments will never materialize! And you, Daughter. To think that you—"

"Listen!" Martha held up a hand. There was a great shouting in the compound. "Something is happening out there." She tried to peek past the surly little guard, but he pointed his spear at her and growled.

The noise was the arrival of Darrel Dane and his safari. They were met at the gate by a mob of ferocious little men, ready to do battle. But the hulking Uganda warriors in Darrel's party forced the gate and stalked inside. A shower of arrows greeted them and two or three fell, wounded. This caused the other Uganda men to swing into action. They hurled their heavy spears and mowed down the front row of the Pygmies. The others fell back, stopped for the moment.

Darrel's big tracker then began a harangue, and the Pygmy chief listened. When it had ended, he too spoke. Of course, Darrel could understand nothing of what was said on either side. But he saw the reaction, and it wasn't good. And while the two chiefs had been talk-

ing, a large party of the Pygmies had crept closer to the Uganda men.

Now they leaped upon them, sheer numbers doing what lack of weight couldn't have accomplished. In a few minutes it was all over. Darrel's party were prisoners, tied up like pigs for market. But Darrel was nowhere to be seen. He had vanished completely.

During the melee, Dr. Roberts' guard had wandered away from the prison hut, giving Martha and her father an opportunity to witness part of the reception. But they had not seen Darrel.

"Who can they be?" said Martha. "It isn't Darrel. He isn't with them. Oh, Dad!"

"Easy, Daughter, easy," soothed the old man. "There's nothing we can do."

As the elated Pygmies gathered about the trussed up bodies of their enemies, a strange being leaped among them. It was a tiny mite of a man, not a fourth as large as the biggest Pygmy. It sped this way and that, leaped high, rusbed back and forth. And each time it leaped, a Pygmy careened backward from a blow on the chin.

There was a loud wailing and a great clashing of spears. But no weapon could touch the little mite. Within a few minutes the newcomer had knocked out two dozen of the best Pygmy warriors. The others soon were ready to call it a day. Little did they know that even with their full fighting strength, they would be no match for the invincible Doll Man, who was none other than Darrel Dane.

Only two persons knew the secret power of Darrel Dane; knew that by a mighty effort of will he could concentrate the molecules of his body into the tiny figure of the Doll Man—nemesis of crime.

After the chief of the Pygmies laid down his spear, his tribesmen followed his example. The interval gave Darrel time to slip behind a hut and assume his natural stature. When Dr. Roberts and Martha came on the scene, Darrel and the chief were exchanging signs of universal friendship.

"Ob, I knew you'd come in time, Darrel!" cried Martha. "But I didn't think you had arrived yet."

Dr. Roberts shook hands. "You always arrive in the nick of time, Darrel my boy. It looked pretty dark for a while. Now I believe I can go on with my work."

"Yes," said Darrel, "my little trick has completely conquered the Pygmies. They are ready to be friends and help in every way they can—thanks to the Doll Man."

"Yes, thanks to the Doll Man," said Martha. "It's wonderful to be in on a secret like that."



DOLL MAN

The

# DOLL MAN

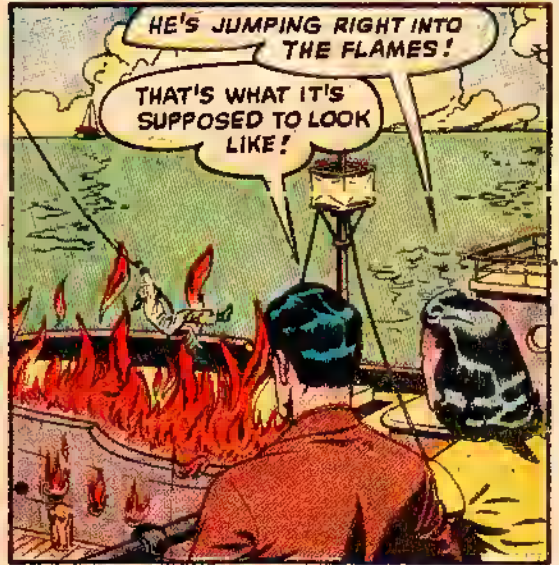


**D**anger is his business! He practices for peril and laughs in the face of death! Yet the **DOLL MAN** meets an opponent who can match him trick for trick in daring and skill, when he crosses the trail of

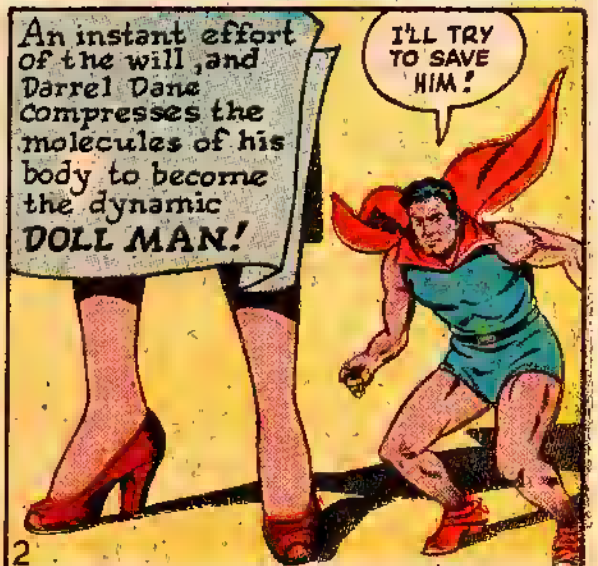
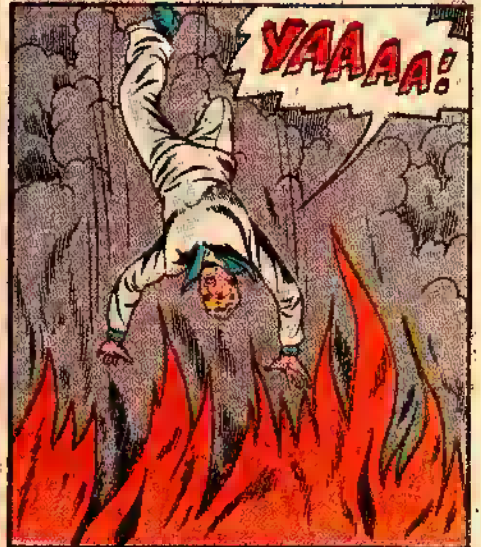
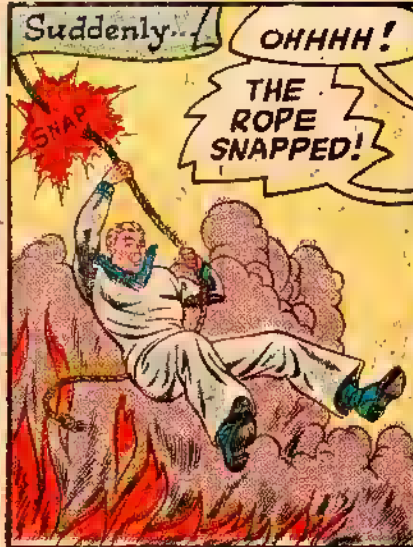
**STUNT MAN!**



Darrel Dane and his fiancée, Martha Roberts, are visitors at a movie set...

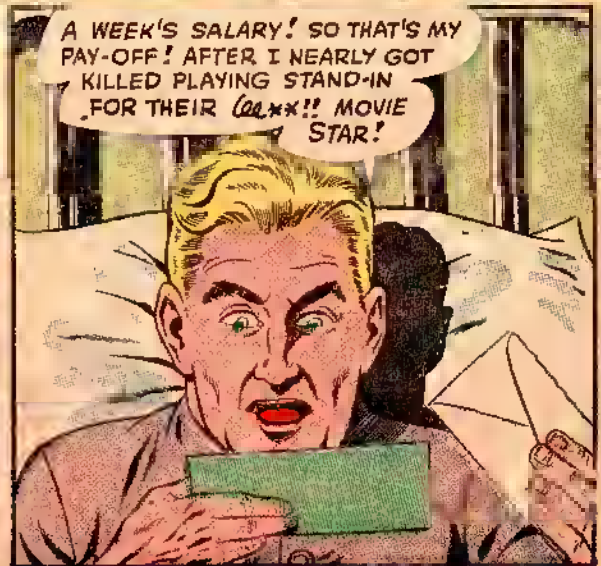
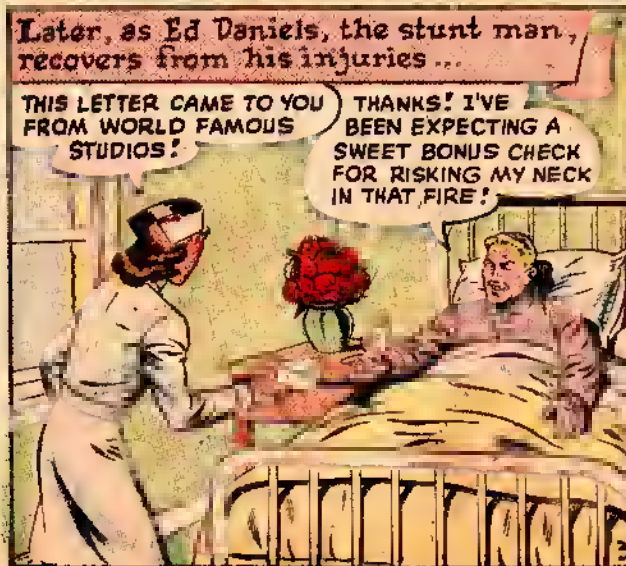
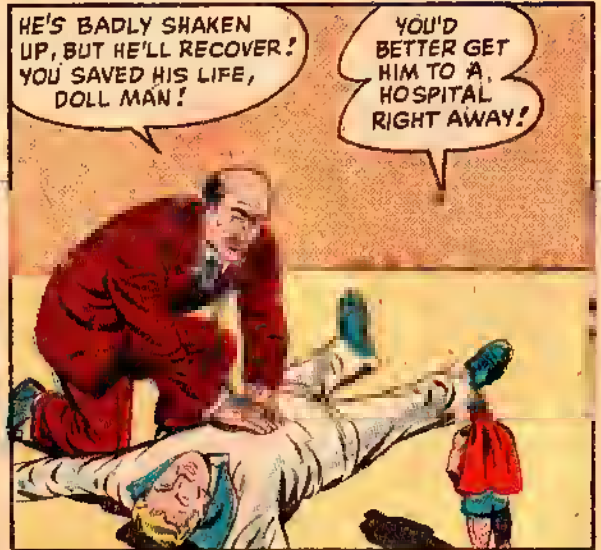
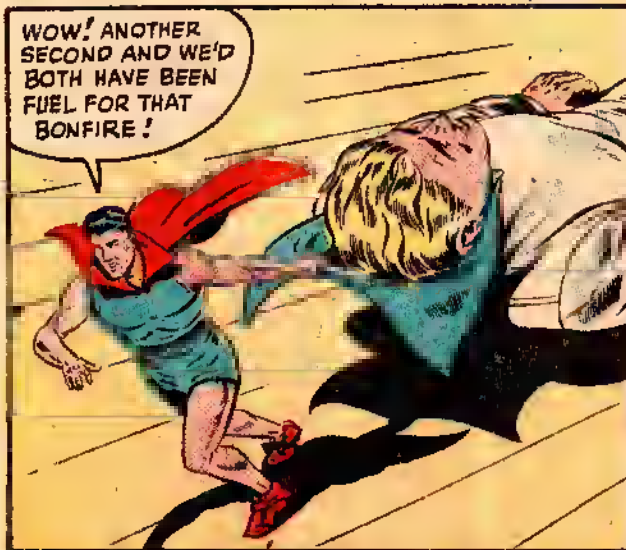
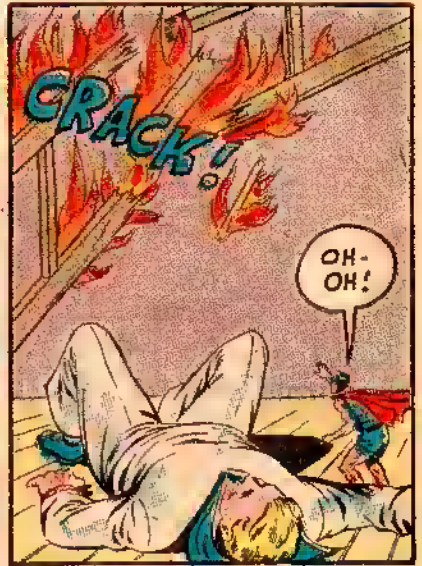
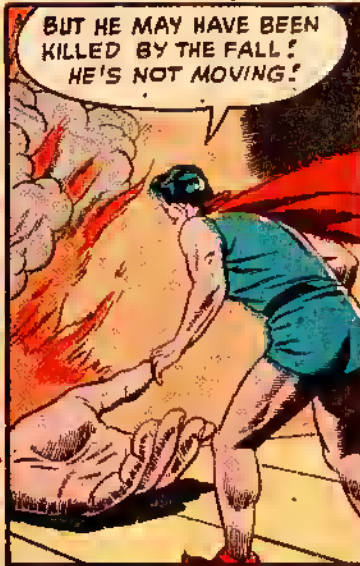
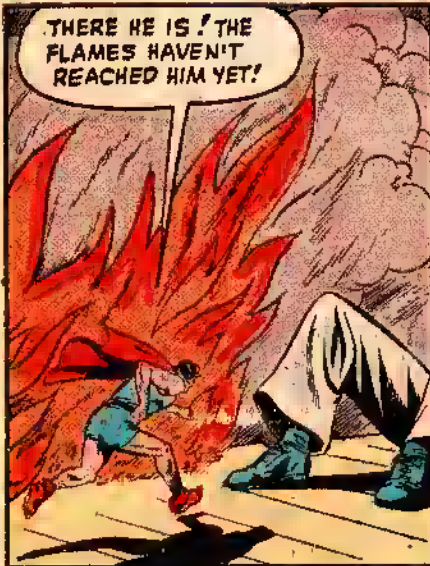


ACTUALLY, THE ROPE WILL CARRY HIM THROUGH BEFORE HE'S BURNED! IT'S ALL IN A DAY'S WORK FOR A STUNT MAN!



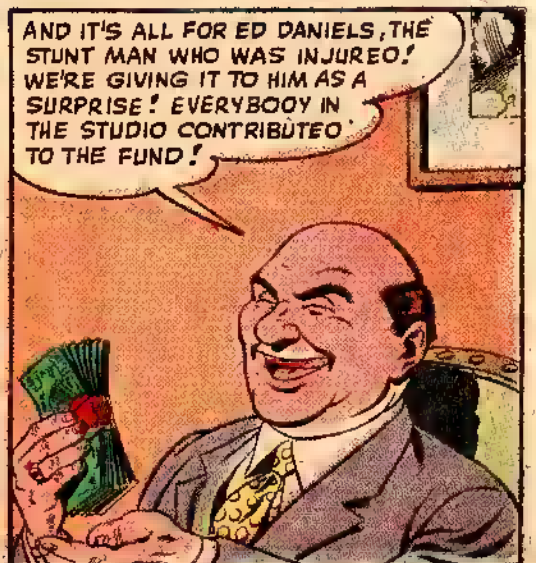
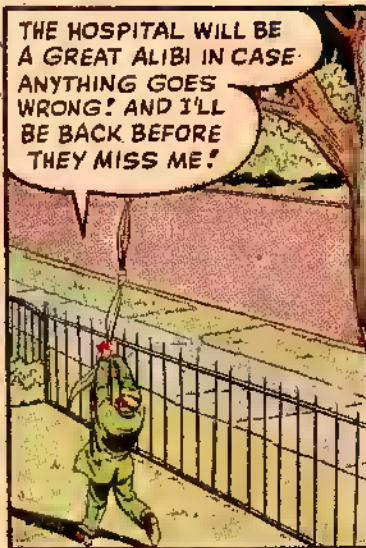
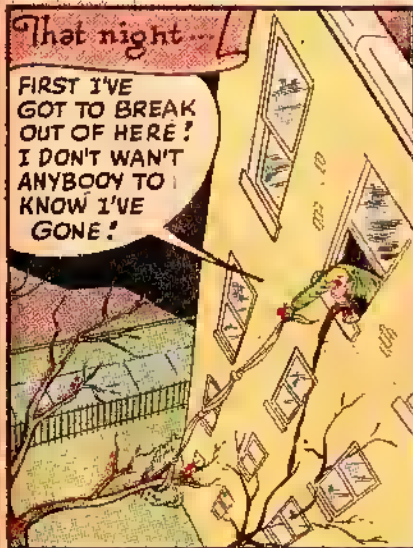
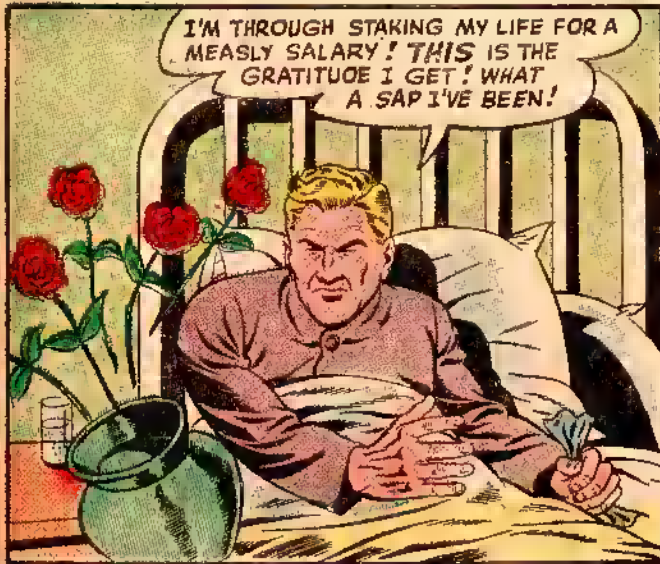


# DOLL MAN

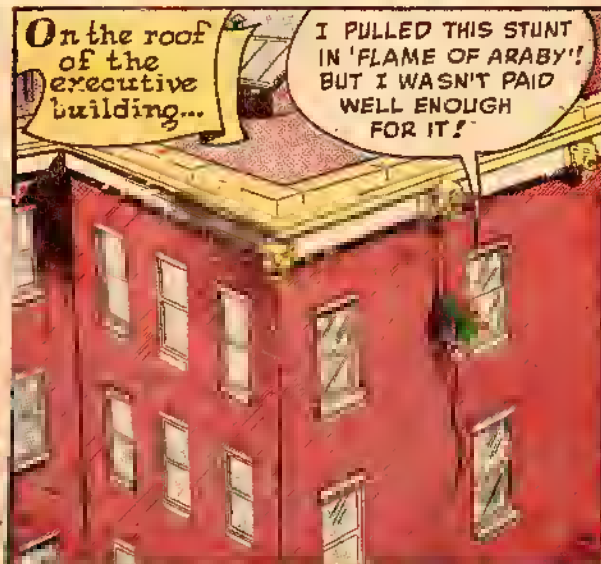
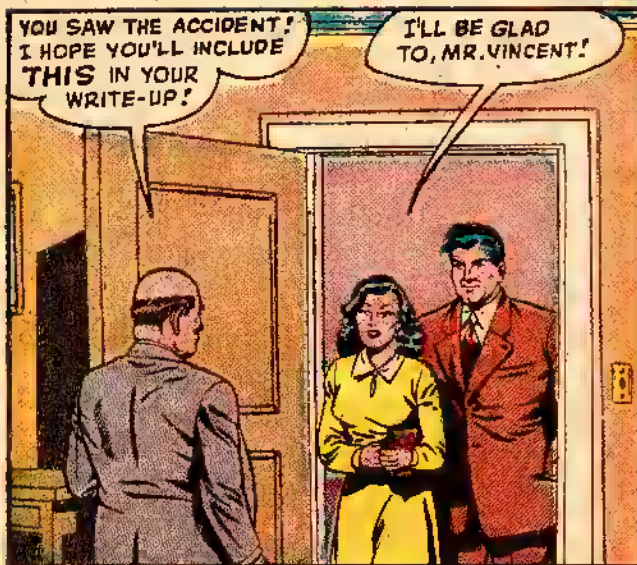




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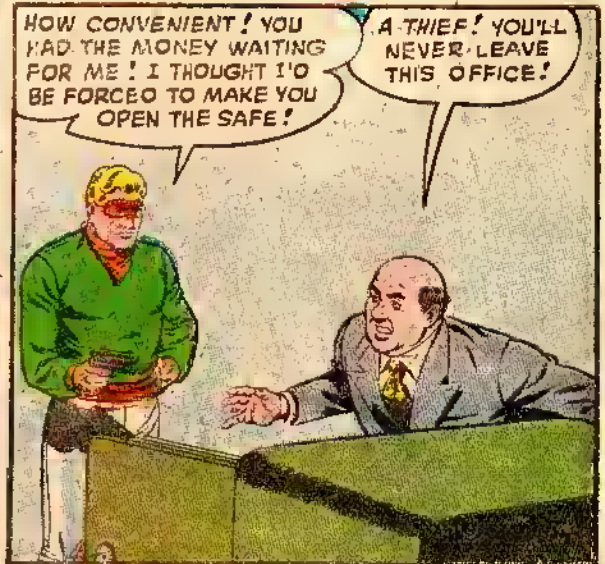
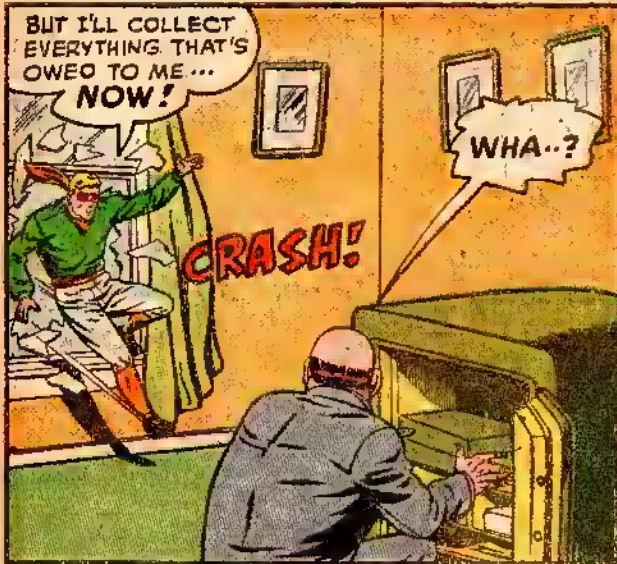






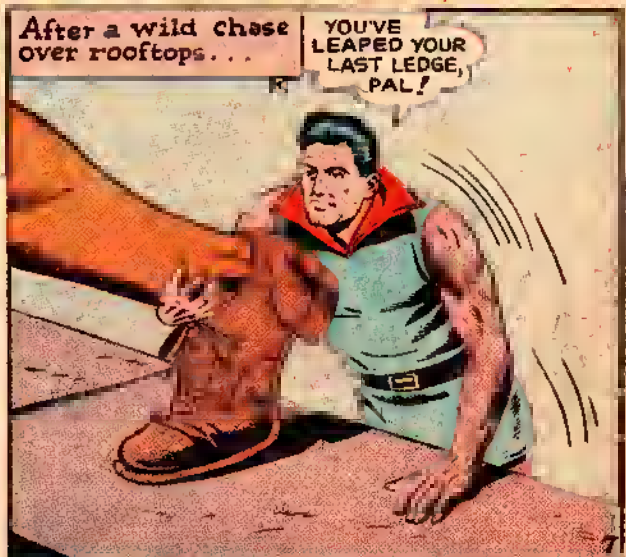
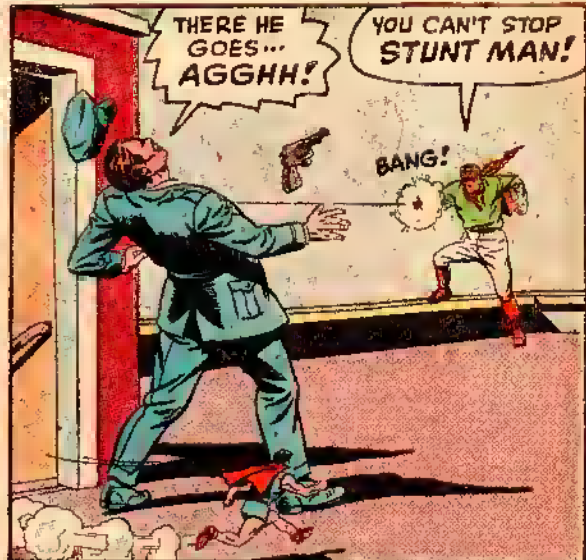
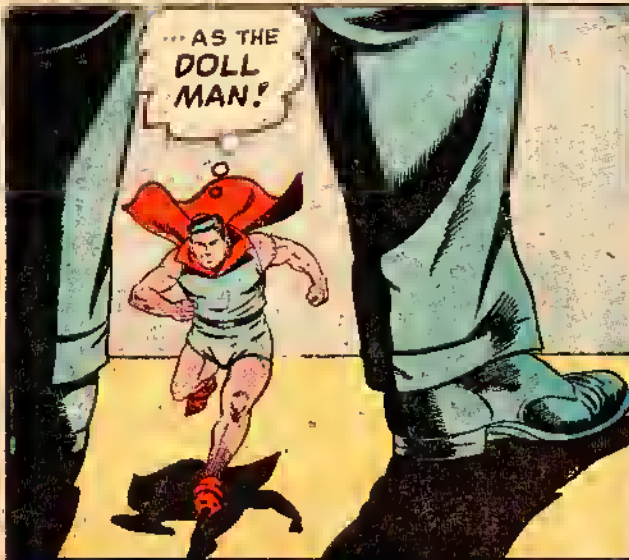


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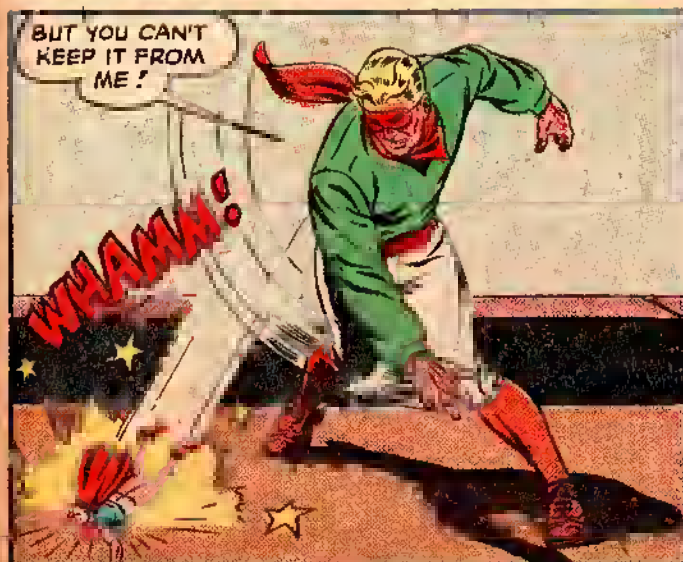
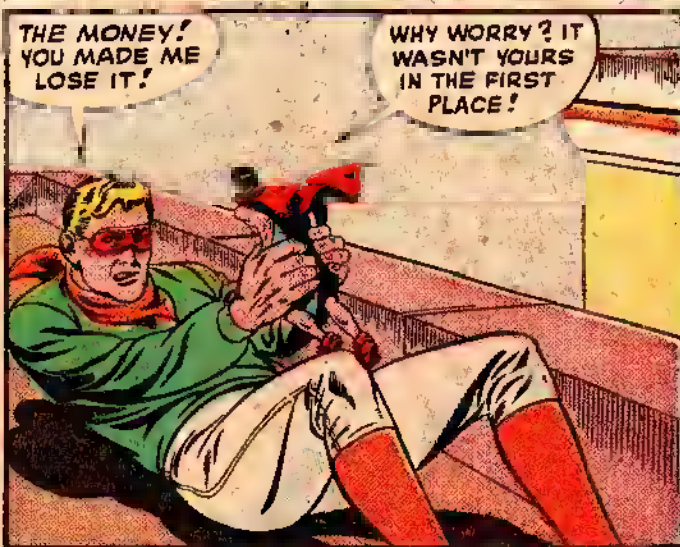
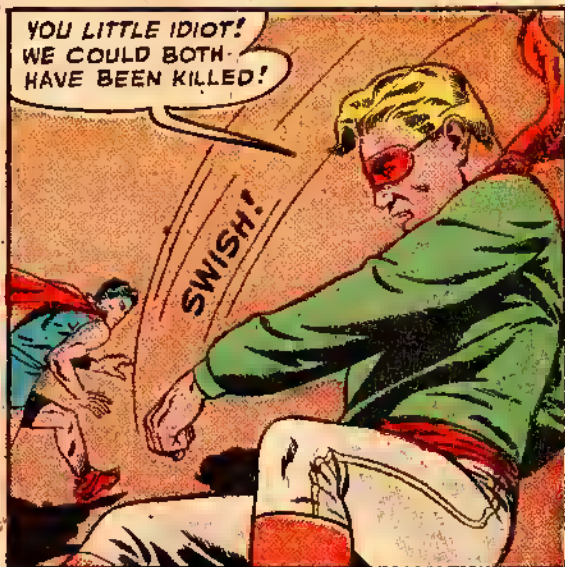
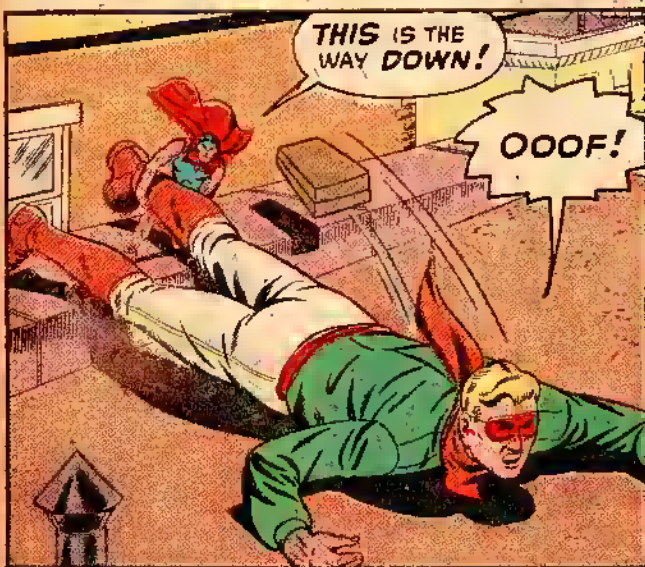




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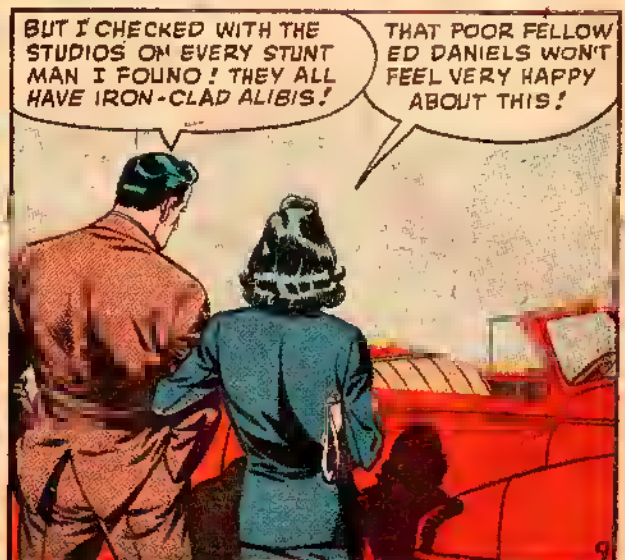
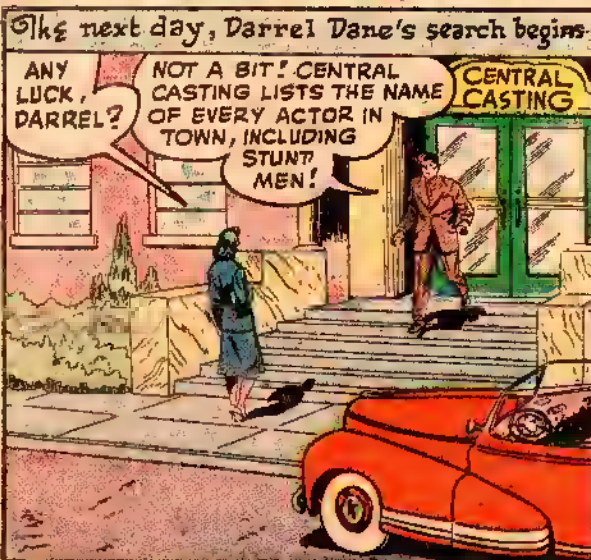
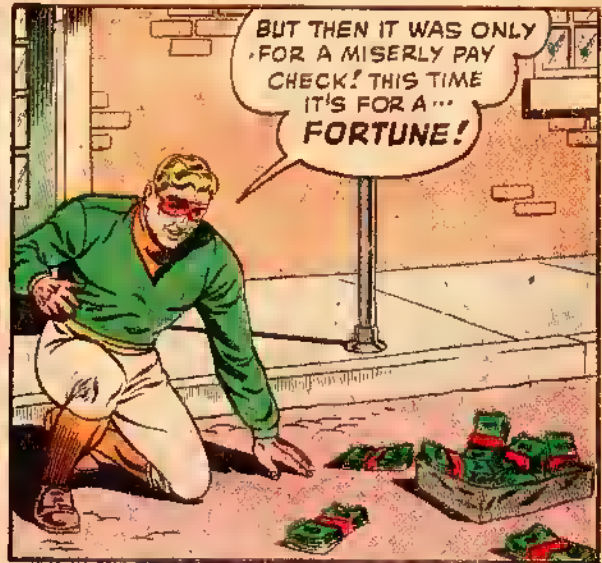
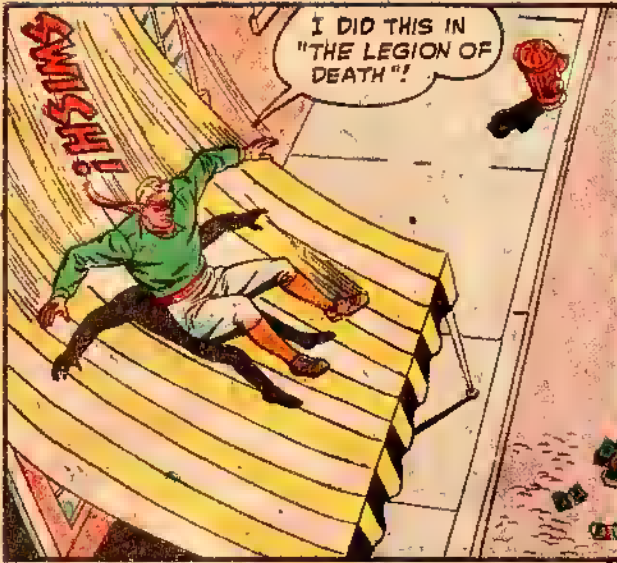






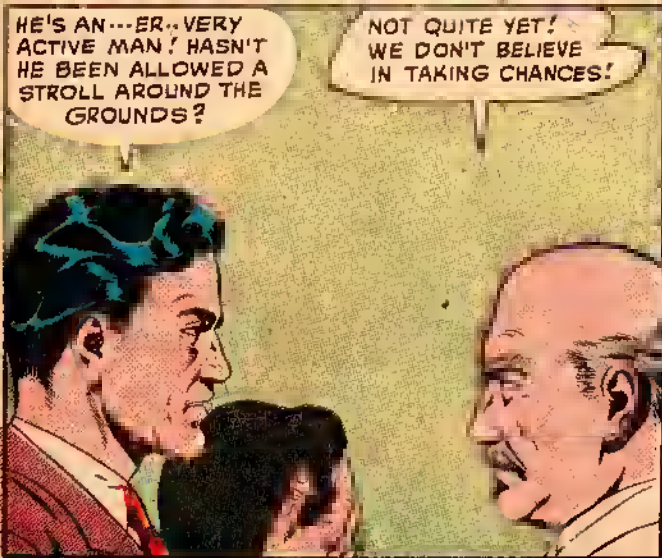
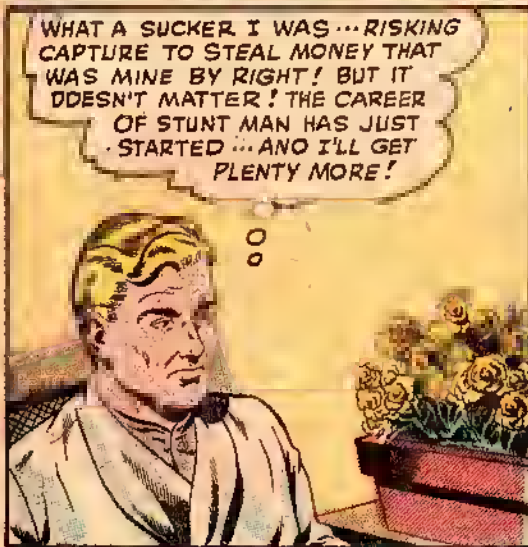
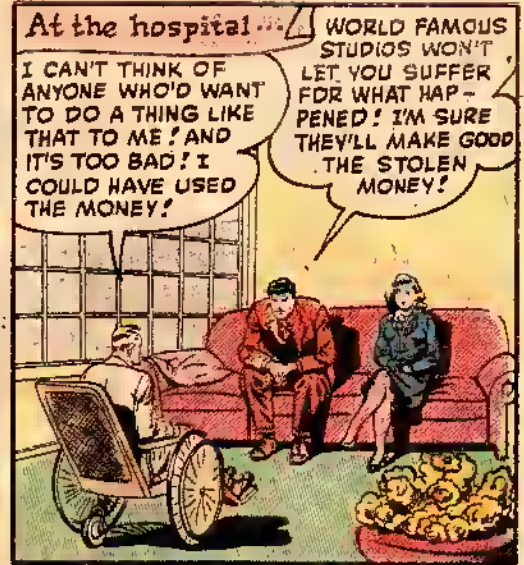
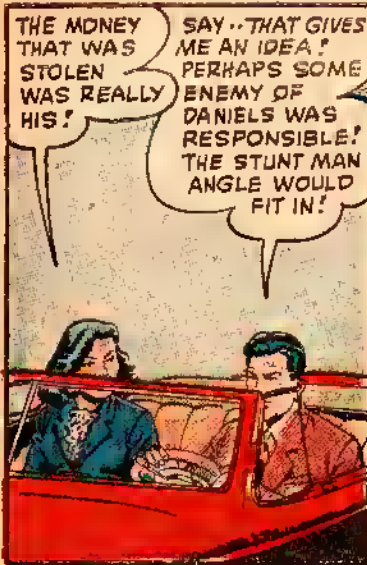


# DOLL MAN





# DOLL MAN

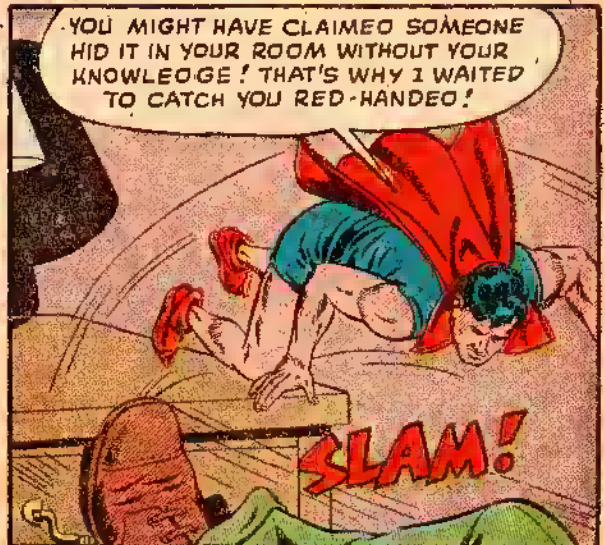
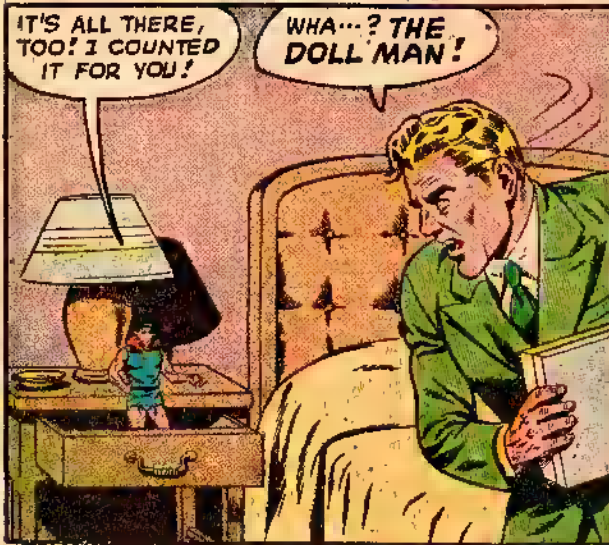




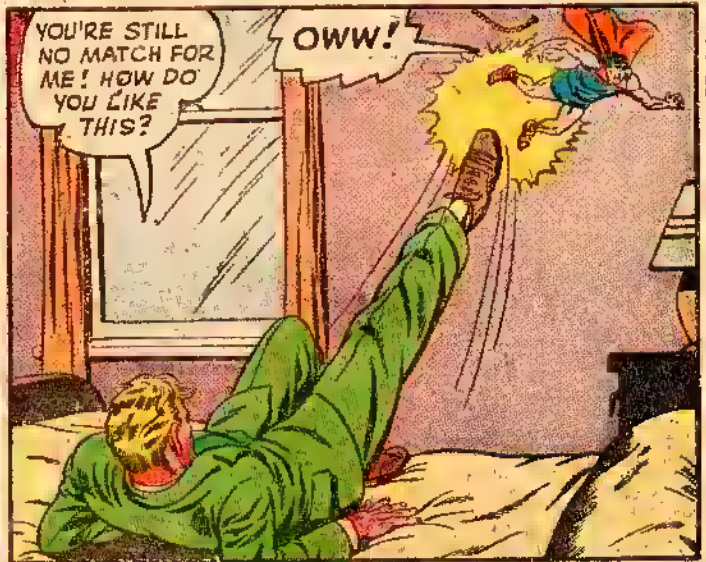
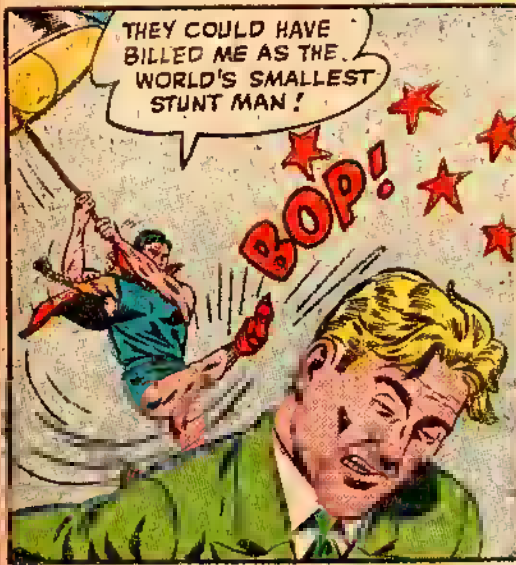
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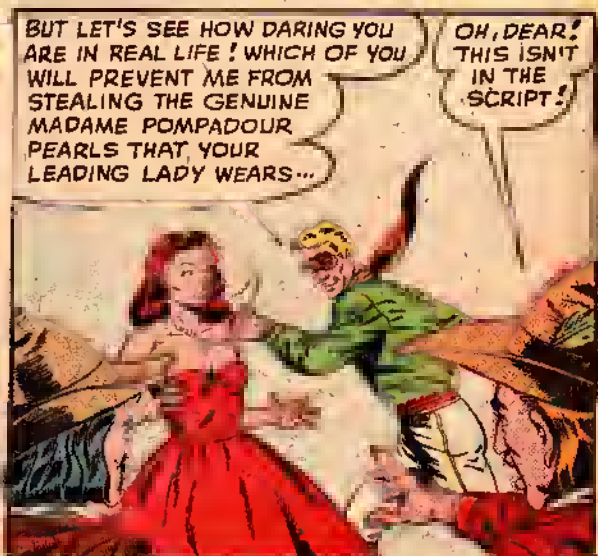
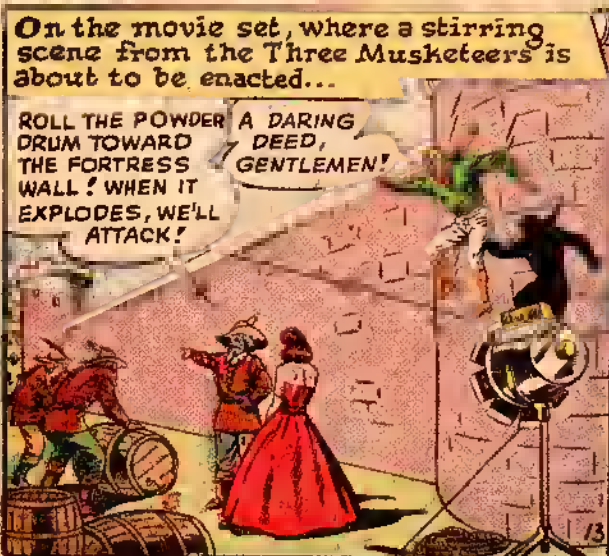
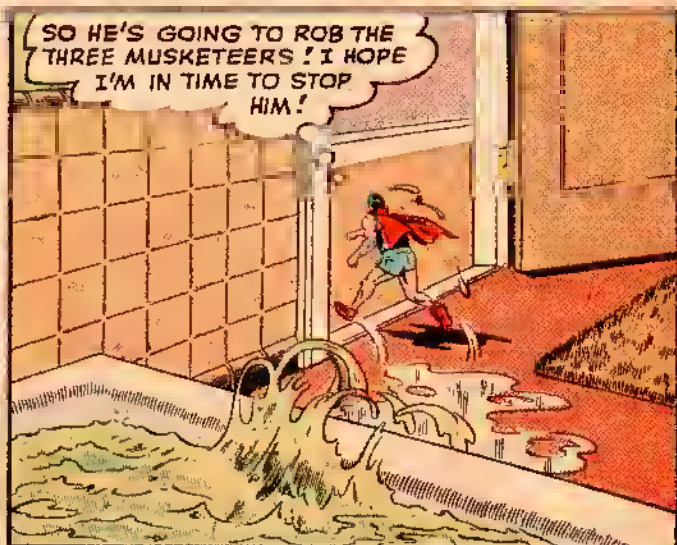
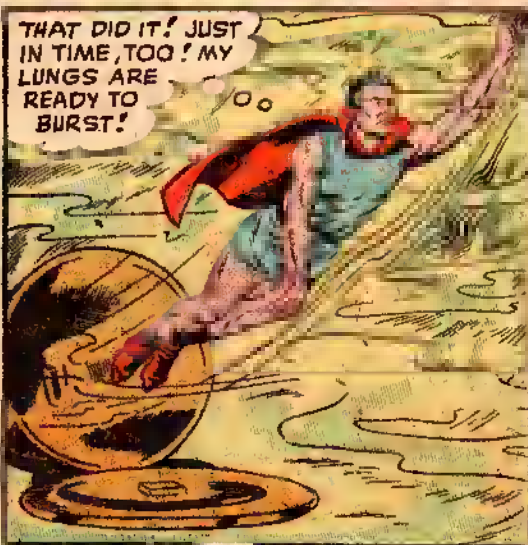
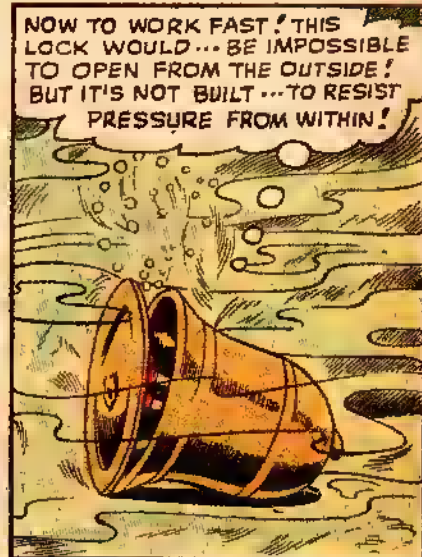
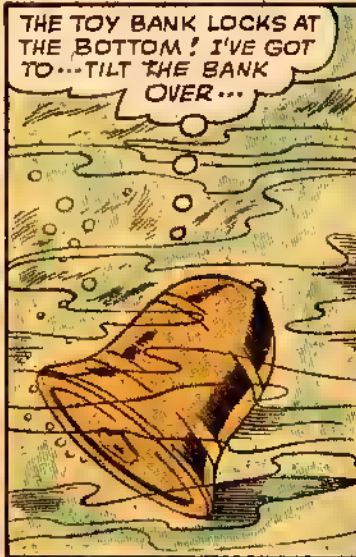
REVENGE WAS PROBABLY HIS MOTIVE! HE DIDN'T DISCOVER UNTIL LATER THAT HE'D STOLEN HIS OWN MONEY! HE'S CACHEO IT IN SOME SAFE PLACE, TO PICK UP WHEN HE LEAVES THE HOSPITAL!



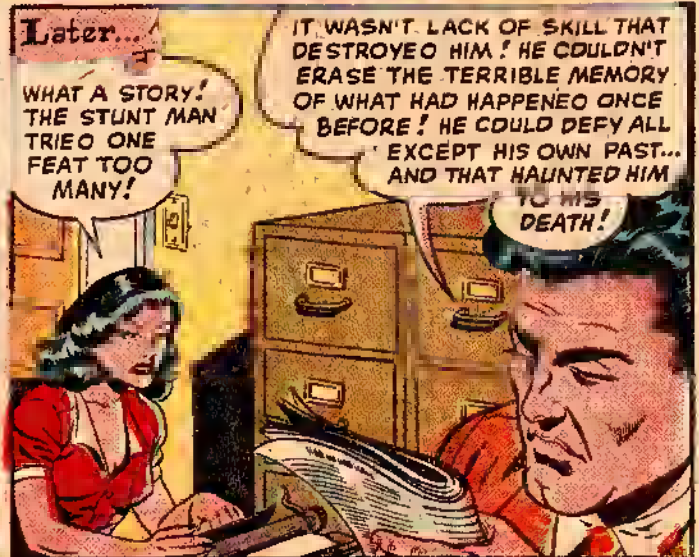
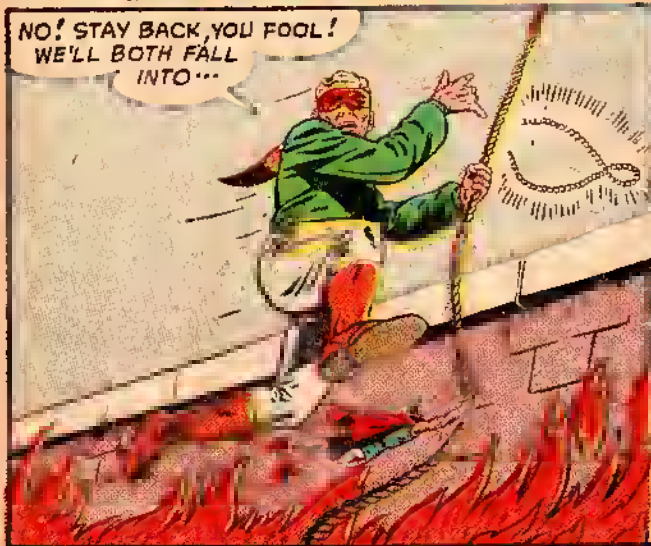
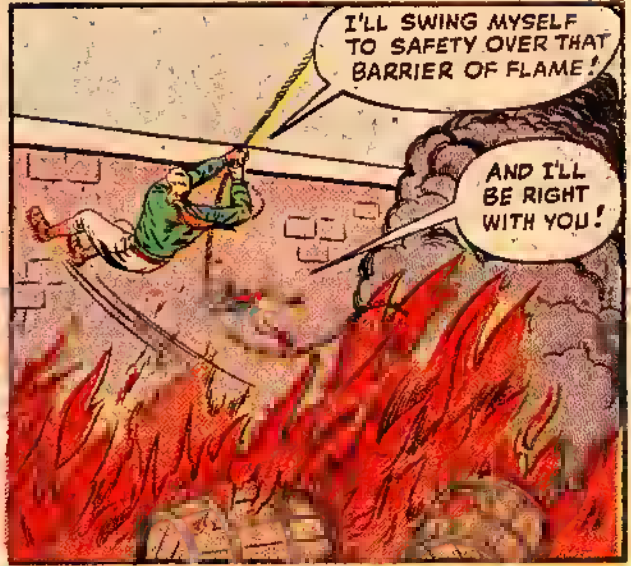
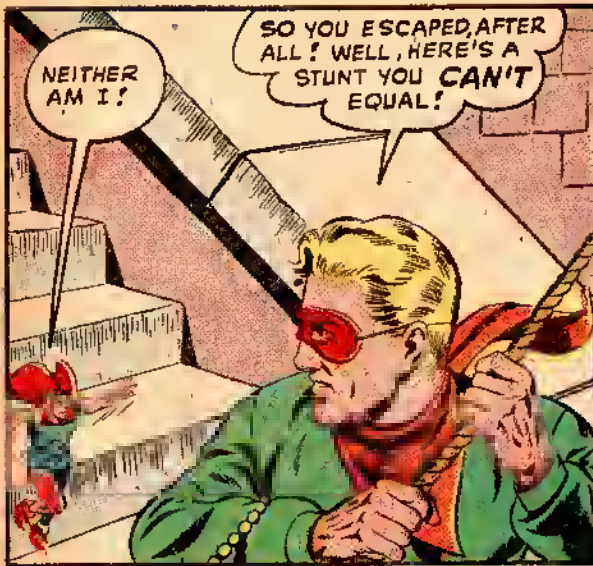


















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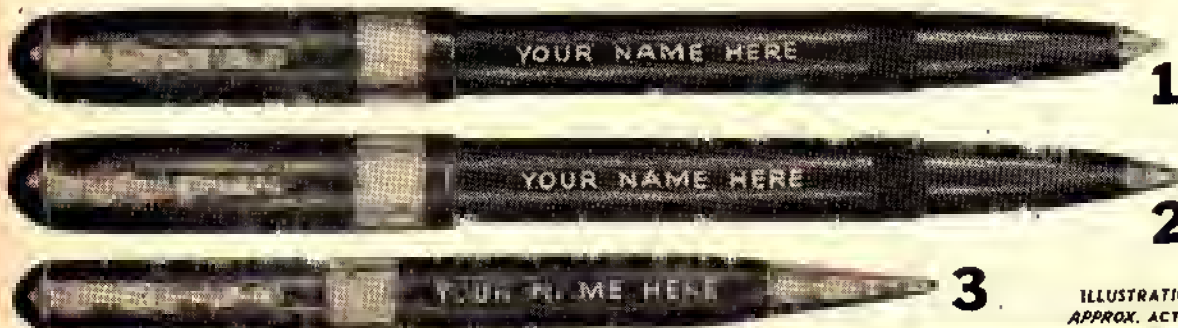


Not One... Not Two... But **ALL 3**  
Yes, This Perfectly Matched 3 PIECE POCKET SET

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And to think they used to call me

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PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

## WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge... and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peeps? Do

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